

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.

BRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

QUEER LOT OF GIRLS.

ONLY ONE IN A CLASS WANTS A HUSBAND.

Others have different ideas of life. Fidelity and Patriotism of an Ohio Mayor Put to the Test—Verdiana Schenck's Fall—Lumber Price.

Marriage Not Their Aim.
The girls of the class, president of the class, Verdana Schenck, recently requested all the members of the class which will graduate this year to state briefly in writing their principal purpose in life. A number of interesting answers resulted. Ten of the girls replied that it was their principal desire to obtain further education, especially in music and literature. Three preferred quiet life at home, that they may be a comfort to their parents in their declining years. One desires to be a missionary. One prefers a career as a physician, and the highest ambition of another young lady is to be a hospital nurse. Three girls stated it was their wish to travel much as possible. Only one admitted that marriage was her principal purpose in life. Several of the replies were written in poetry.

SITUATION IS BETTER.

Dun & Co. Take a More Hopeful View of Trade.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: "That exports of \$5,850,000, the highest yet, have produced no monetary disturbance is at once proof of the soundness of financial conditions, and of the prevailing confidence in better things to come. Much of the hesitation at present is due to temporarily reduced demand in some industries, and in iron and steel gradually tested by refusal of orders, but consumption exceeds new buying. The general irregularity of prices and slowness of demand for finished products do not prevent the marking up of prices by combinations, but are largely due to doubt whether such prices as are fixed can be maintained."

MAYOR IN A DILEMMA.

Must Determine the Musical Qualities of a Firecracker.

Mayor Schott, of Massillon, O., is struggling to determine whether or not a firecracker is a musical instrument. The problem arises from the giving of an open air concert in the park. The musicians concluded their evening's performance with the national hymn, "America," and in order to give the selection according to the score detailed two of their number to shoot off firecrackers. There is a city ordinance authorizing band concerts to be given in the park, and also one forbidding the exploding of firecrackers. The firecrackers exploded and a bold police man arrested the musicians. They have pleaded not guilty and will have a jury trial.

National League.

Following is the standing of the clubs in the National Baseball League:

W. L.	W. L.
Philadelphia 13	5 Cleveland 9
Boston 12	6 Washington 9
Pittsburgh 11	6 Brooklyn 9
Chicago 11	8 St. Louis 7
Cincinnati 11	8 New York 6
Baltimore 11	8 Louisville 6
St. Paul 11	8 St. Paul 6

Western League.

Following is the standing of the clubs of the Western League:

W. L.	W. L.
Detroit 13	5 Minneapolis 9
Kansas City 10	7 Milwaukee 9
St. Paul 9	7 Columbus 7
Indianapolis 7	8 Grand Rapids 4

Lumber Docks in Flames.

At Ashland, Wis., flames laid waste property amounting to \$500,000 Saturday. It was the largest fire in the history of the town, uttering a roar that was heard for miles around. The fire started in the lumber yard, and in a few minutes had spread to the docks. The fire was caused by a spark from a steam engine. The fire was extinguished by the fire department. The loss was estimated at \$500,000. The fire was caused by a spark from a steam engine. The fire was extinguished by the fire department. The loss was estimated at \$500,000.

Big Failure at Akron.

Ferdinand Schumacher, the oatmeal king, and president of the American Cereal Company, assigned at Akron, Ohio, turning over for the benefit of his creditors his entire property. The assets are estimated at \$2,000,000, and the liabilities will reach \$1,500,000. The assignment was caused by heavy losses in the Marcellus Lumber and Water Power Company, of Marcellus, Pa., which went to the wall in consequence of the failure of the chief stockholder.

"Kid" Does Murder Again.

News comes from Wilcox, Ariz., of the killing of three more citizens by the Kid and his band. The report emanates from Camp Rucker. The victims are S. B. Reid, one of the oldest and best known ranchmen; Gus Wisner, a man in charge of the stock for Reid, and one of the band boys.

Kentucky Town Is Scorched.

The town of Sebree, in Webster County, Ky., has lost thirteen business houses and three dwellings by fire.

Congressman Cooke Is Better.

Congressman E. D. Cooke, who was taken seriously ill on his return to Washington from Chicago Thursday evening, is better. He has charge of the Rinker-Downing contest from the sixteenth Illinois district, and will call it up in the House at the first opportunity.

S. M. Crosby the Purchaser.

The property of the Stillwater, Minn., Union Depot and Transfer Company was sold at auction to S. M. Crosby, of Boston, president of the Massachusetts Loan and Trust Company, for \$250,000.

Died According to Club Rules.

George C. Haug, a quiet and good natured young man of San Francisco, member of a suicide club, of New Jersey, received a notice that he was expected to expire before June, and promptly killed himself by swallowing strychnine at the rooms of Mrs. Nellie Parker.

Walking to New York.

Mrs. H. Easton and her daughter Clara started from Spokane, Wash., Tuesday to walk to New York. They live on a farm and hope to make enough money in the venture to lift a mortgage. They are under contract to a manufacturer of a health costume.

WILL BE A CINDER PATEL.

Gloomy Outlook for Cuba Predicted by an Havana Sugar Broker.

"If Gen. Weyler succeeds in quelling the rebellion in the time he has set—two years—and he has made every little headway up to date," said an Havana sugar broker, "Cuba will be a mere cinder patch between the Gulf of Mexico and the sea. We will be left with a country overgrown with weeds. It has been said that the work of the toros must end somewhere, but the fires continue to crackle merrily all over the island and the end is not yet. An inevitable result of this form of campaign has been the levying of blackmail by various chiefs. A wealthy statesman has been notified that it would be expected for the consideration of \$50,000. At the buildings cost more than \$500,000 the owner would gladly pay the \$50,000 to know that he would receive protection. He fears, however, that if he pays, the rebel officer will be transferred to some other section of the island and his successor will immediately apply the torch. Something of this kind happened in Matanzas province, where a building was burned after \$500 had been paid to protect it. Another result of the war may be the practical extermination of the Cuban breed of horses that are not unlike Texas mustangs in appearance—small, wiry and very strong."

FIRM IN OFFICES.

Democrats Pleaded Over a Sweeping Protection of the Civil Service.

Almost 30,000 Government employees were brought with one sweep under the protection of the civil service Wednesday by the issuance of an order by President Cleveland making a general revision of civil service rules. The order is the most important since the inauguration of the system more than a decade ago. It takes effect immediately. Its practical extent is the classification of all Government employees below the rank of those subject to nomination by the President and confirmation by the Senate and above the grades of laborers or workmen. The new rules add 29,389 positions to the classified list, increasing the number of classified positions from 65,736 to 95,125. The number of classified places which are excepted from examination has been reduced from 2,939 to 775, being mainly positions of cashiers in the treasury, postal and internal revenue service. The only classified positions in Washington which will be excepted from examination under the new rules will be private secretaries or confidential clerks (not exceeding two) to the President and to the head of each of the eight executive departments. No positions which will be subject to non-competitive examinations, except in the cases of Indians employed in a teaching capacity in the Indian service.

SUGAR FROM ARGENTINA.

Could Be Imported Into the United States.

In view of the small crop of sugar produced in Cuba last year, United States Minister Buchanan at Buenos Ayres, says the belief has gained ground there that Argentine raw sugar and molasses can be profitably exported to the United States. To illustrate the extent of the sugar industry in that country the Minister submits statistics showing the production by mills and by fermenters. In one province, Tucuman, thirty-one mills produced 240,856,976 pounds of sugar during the nine months of 1895 ended Dec. 31, being an increase of 75,172,280 pounds over the corresponding period of 1894.

Sent to a Mexican Cell.

Charles W. Rowe, the defaulting treasurer of Poweshiek County, Iowa, who disappeared from Monticello, Iowa, April 20, 1895, carrying with him \$43,000 of the county's money, was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment in the Mexican prison of Belim for carrying stolen money into that country. Charles Rowe and his brother Richard disappeared from Monticello, Iowa, carrying with them \$43,000 of the county's money. The county board of Poweshiek County placed the case in the hands of the Pinkerton Detective Agency. Assistant Superintendent W. F. Forsee was detailed on the case, and traced the brother to the City of Mexico, where he learned that Charles had purchased a small piece of property and had become a naturalized citizen of Mexico. He made every effort possible to secure the extradition of Charles Rowe, but without avail, for coupled with the fact that Rowe was a Mexican citizen, the United States had no right to demand his return. Rowe's lot now will be the most miserable imaginable. Twelve years in a Mexican prison is just twenty years worse than a life term in a United States prison. Rarely does a convict live longer than ten years, and it is so rare that the Governor of the Belim prison told Capt. Forsee that to his knowledge only two prisoners had lived longer than that in the history of the prison which extended over a period of 100 years. When Capt. Forsee saw that he could not get Charles Rowe he contented himself with Richard. Rowe is arrested him July 20, 1895. In November of the same year he brought him back and locked him up in the Monticello jail, where he is now awaiting trial on the charge of being an accessory to the looting of the county treasury. The conviction and sentence of Charles W. Rowe is of great international importance, as it will be a warning to all fugitives that Mexico is one of the very worst places on earth for them to enter. This is the first case of the kind tried in Mexico, and the outcome was watched with great interest by officials of both countries.

Big Pool in Flour.

R. D. Hubbard, the executive front of the oil trust, has succeeded, with the aid of the oil trust, in perfecting the organization of the greatest millers' combine ever put together in this country. The purpose is to advance the price of flour from the present low quotations, to secure satisfactory rail and water transportation rates and to compel every spring wheat grinder in the country to become a part of the pool. There are 600 spring wheat millers in the United States. More than 100 have joined the new pool, which had its inception last fall, reached a head last February and is now a bona fide organization. The pool has been incorporated. Its name is the North American Milling Company. It is commonly known at Minneapolis, St. Paul, at Duluth and in Southern Minnesota as the American Milling Company. It is the successor of the Southern Minnesota Millers' Association, of which Hubbard was the leading spirit. Representatives of the trust claim to represent 110 mills having a daily capacity of 105,000 barrels. The whole aim of the organization is to protect the gigantic flouring interests of Minneapolis, now threatened by competition.

Asked for Prayers and Died.

Al Chandler, a Gailup, N. M., lawyer, called Rev. William Bailey to his house and asked him to pray for him. As the minister was beseeching for divine help, Chandler poured poison into a dipper of water, drank the mixture and died.

Fall to Rob But Kill.

Three men invaded the Golden Rule, dry goods store, West Madison street and

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The Michigan Compromise.

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Blood Spots Found.

J. B. Locke, who owns the farm where the body of Paul Bryan was found, testified that he found two spots of blood on the ground and also found blood on the leaves of the bushes. He said he saw marks of wheels of a carriage on the grass close beside the gate that led from the road to the spot where the body was found.

Street Car Strike.

Only half a dozen street cars were running in Milwaukee Monday morning, owing to the strike of street car employees.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, \$3.50 to \$4.75; hogs, shipping grades, \$3.50 to \$4.00; sheep, fair to choice, \$2.50 to \$4.00; wheat, No. 2 red, 61c to 62c; corn, No. 2, 28c to 29c; oats, No. 2, 18c to 19c; rye, No. 2, 35c to 37c; butter, choice creamery, 14c to 15c; eggs, fresh, 12c to 13c; potatoes, per bushel, 12c to 20c; broom corn, 14c per lb. for common growth to fine brass.	Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, \$3.00 to \$4.50; hogs, choice light, \$3.00 to \$3.75; sheep, common to prime, \$2.00 to \$3.50; wheat, No. 2, 64c to 65c; corn, No. 1 white, 30c to 31c; oats, No. 2 white, 22c to 23c.	St. Louis—Cattle, \$3.00 to \$4.50; hogs, \$3.00 to \$3.75; wheat, No. 2 red, 60c to 61c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 25c to 26c; oats, No. 2 white, 17c to 18c; rye, No. 2, 38c to 39c.	Cincinnati—Cattle, \$3.50 to \$4.25; hogs, \$3.00 to \$3.75; sheep, \$2.75 to \$4.00; wheat, No. 2, 60c to 62c; corn, No. 2 mixed, 30c to 32c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 21c to 22c; rye, No. 2, 38c to 40c.	Detroit—Cattle, \$2.50 to \$4.50; hogs, \$3.00 to \$3.75; sheep, \$2.00 to \$4.00; wheat, No. 2 red, 61c to 62c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 28c to 29c; oats, No. 2 white, 22c to 23c; rye, No. 2, 38c to 40c.	Toledo—Wheat, No. 2 red, 67c to 68c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 28c to 30c; oats, No. 2 white, 18c to 20c; rye, No. 2, 38c to 39c; clover seed, \$4.55 to \$4.65.	Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2 spring, 61c to 62c; corn, No. 2, 28c to 30c; oats, No. 2 white, 18c to 21c; barley, No. 2, 32c to 33c; rye, No. 2, 35c to 38c; pork, 12c to 13c.	Buffalo—Cattle, \$2.50 to \$4.75; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.00; sheep, \$2.25 to \$4.00; wheat, No. 2 red, 71c to 73c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 28c to 30c; oats, No. 2 white, 22c to 23c.	New York—Cattle, \$3.00 to \$5.00; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.25; sheep, \$2.00 to \$4.25; wheat, No. 2 red, 69c to 70c; corn, No. 2, 28c to 30c; oats, No. 2 white, 24c to 25c; butter, creamery, 12c to 13c; eggs, 12c to 13c.
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BAYLING, MICHIGAN.

Baron de Hirsch takes his place beside Sir Moses Montefiore as one of the world's worthies.

A Newark, N. J., man wants a divorce because his wife is deaf and dumb. Some men never know a good thing when they see it.

The New York bloomer restaurant enterprise has proved a failure. It was impossible to secure patrons so badly that they couldn't eat.

The dispatches tell of a Pennsylvania man who committed suicide to oblige his wife. There is such a thing as being too much of a good fellow. No one can afford to do that often than once in a lifetime.

Men who see into their neighbors are very apt to be contemptuous; but men who see through them find something lying behind every human soul, which it is not for them to sit in judgment on or attempt to sneer out of the order of God's manifold universe.

If ever the happy time should arrive when we are more interested to discover the excellences of our friends and neighbors than their defects, and more anxious to study their ideals than to insist upon our own, a great impetus will be given to moral progress and to the true and cordial brotherhood of man.

Senator Cullom's idea of favoring the adhesive material on the back of postage stamps so that it will not be repugnant to the taste may be all very well for the people who derive their meals from that source, but to please the general public, the Senator should see to it that stamps are spread with gum that will stick.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self, and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions. False happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applause which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others.

The Turkish authorities recently decided that the Epistle to the Galatians was a seditious document, and arrested the colporteur who was selling it. They took the further precaution of calling for a certificate of the author's death, to assure themselves that such dangerous utterances were not recent. Evidently the spirit of Galatians and the disposition that expresses itself in murdering Armenians do not go well together. Were St. Paul at large in the Turkish dominions, the Sultan would tremble.

Consistent with the war upon the big theater has been by the fair sex comes a counter demand for the elimination of that curious piece of head-gear sported by the men, known as the "plug" hat. Objection is made to this style of covering upon the general grounds of ugliness, lack of comfort and inconvenience, and the points seem to be well taken. This hat, which is constructed on the lines of a tube closed at one end and fitted with a flange at the other, has nothing whatever of artistic or picturesque beauty, and should be relegated to the garret to repose among the cobwebs which festoon the hopekirts and the bustle of a bygone generation.

Wm. E. Curtis writes from New York to the Chicago Record: "It is a curious fact that many New-Yorkers, the men who keep their noses on the grindstone, and couldn't go to the World's Fair in 1893 because they had to watch their money bags, have never become fully convinced that civilization has crossed the Allegheny mountains, and that the inhabitants of Iowa, Michigan and Illinois have entirely abandoned breech cloths for breeches. And they associate Western ideas with mercantile culture, wildcat mining enterprises and unprofitable railways, forgetting that most of the schemes in which they have lost money were hatched here in New York, and that many of the ablest bank presidents in this city are Western men."

There is an excellent opportunity for some ambitious girl to outline the numerous American duchesses, countesses and marquesses now sojourning in foreign parts. King Alexander, of Serbia, is very anxious to take to wife some rich and handsome damsel from the United States, and as an inducement proposes to elevate his prospective bride to the rank of royalty in order that she may be on social equality with his kingly nibs. Then he will espouse her with splendid ceremonial and use a portion of the bride's "dowry" in purchasing a nice new crown. It is true, Alex. is coarse and brutal in his manners and altogether one of the most displeasing and odious youths a person could imagine, but that shouldn't stand in the way where a queen's coronet is to be won, to the everlasting envy of the American duchesses, countesses and marquesses aforesaid.

Thomas Hughes is dead. No good American should be indifferent to the fact, for America never had a better friend than he. Throughout our civil war he battled steadfastly against the hostility to the Union cause, then so strangely prevalent in English society. Visiting this country at a later date, he entered into cordial relations with our men of letters, particularly Lovell. Probably none of his many benevolent enterprises was closer to his heart than the planting of an English settlement at Rugby, in Tennessee, in which his was the moving spirit. In his own country he was respected as a jurist, as a public man, as a student of social questions and of history. But his strongest claim on all English-speaking people is one which young readers will doubtless be very ready to acknowledge. He wrote "Tom Brown at Rugby" and "Tom Brown at Oxford." It is hardly too much to say that in the first of these books he set the pace for

all writers of stories for the young who have followed him. Indeed, it may be said that he opened up a new field of healthy and helpful literature for boys and girls. Who that has ever read the book—and what man or boy of us all has not?—will ever forget Tom, or Harry, or Arthur; or the foot-ball match, or the fight; or the great Dr. Arnold, revered alike by the hero and the author? How to preach and yet not be prosy, how to put real live boys into their books, and not mere abstractions of youthful vice or virtue—this is what Thomas Hughes taught to writers for the young. For this he should have the heartiest gratitude of boys of all ages who speak the English tongue.

A young man who recently made an assignment in Boston, owing \$70,000 and without any visible assets, seems to possess all the necessary qualifications for a Napoleon of finance. He induced the leading business houses of Boston to sell him large bills of goods, and, after buying expensive jewelry, hall clocks, cigars, caviages and clothes and filling his house with costly furniture, transferred all this property to his wife, made an assignment and assured his creditors that he "would try to settle with them on a basis of 10 cents on the dollar. For this he could get his wife to agree to it." Several misguided gentlemen who have got into trouble by holding up pedestrians and blowing open safes will see from this Boston episode that they have not yet learned the A B C of progressive, up-to-date robbery.

Though Baron Maurice de Hirsch was of distinguished ancestry and the inheritor of great wealth, his memory will be revered for what he was and what he did. The world cannot but admire the genius of a man who had his phenomenal grasp of great affairs, who could seize opportunities before they were conceived by the ordinary mind, and who could go unerringly to the accomplishment of stupendous undertakings in which millions were involved. But it was not this rare power that insured the lasting fame of Baron Hirsch. The true nobility of the man appeared in his intense sympathy for the poor, the unfortunate and the oppressed, which found eloquent expression in the gift of millions for their relief. He was a munificent giver, but without ostentation and without thought less worthy than that of ameliorating the condition of his afflicted race. His philanthropy was on the same magnificent scale as his operations in the business world and the ability that guided the one was only outshone by the unselfish charity that prompted the other. The death of his son may have been the chastening affliction that stirred the heart of the father to deeds of mercy and humanity; but the man who could be so moved possessed all the innate virtues so admired in the career of the dead baron. The man who would give five millions to one good cause and make two continents the beneficiaries of his bounty, deserved all the prosperity that came to him, and left a lesson that the rich men of the world should take to themselves. There could be no greater worldly happiness than he enjoyed in the consciousness of duty done and the blessings his charity invoked.

SUCCEEDS CECIL RHODES.

Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, Cape Colony's New Premier.

Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, who has succeeded Cecil Rhodes as premier of Cape Colony, is another one of the men who have come to South Africa possessing neither health nor wealth, and he now enjoys both. Thirty years ago he was a newspaper reporter in London. His physician advised him to emigrate for his health, which had been broken as the result of overwork. When he was carried on board of the vessel which bore him from his native land he little thought that he would be premier of



SIR J. GORDON SPRIGG.

the new country to which he was being conveyed. In fact he has been three times premier, being first chosen in 1879 and serving until 1881, and then again from 1886 to 1890. From 1884 to 1889 and again from 1890 until his reappointment as successor to Sir Cecil Rhodes, Sir Gordon was treasurer of the colony. The circumstances upon which he first gained the post were similar to those upon which he now returns to power. In 1878 Sir Bartle Frere dismissed the Ministry because of his dissatisfaction with the conduct of the Transkeian rebellion. Three years later he resigned after a fiasco in regard to another rebellion, that of the Basutos.

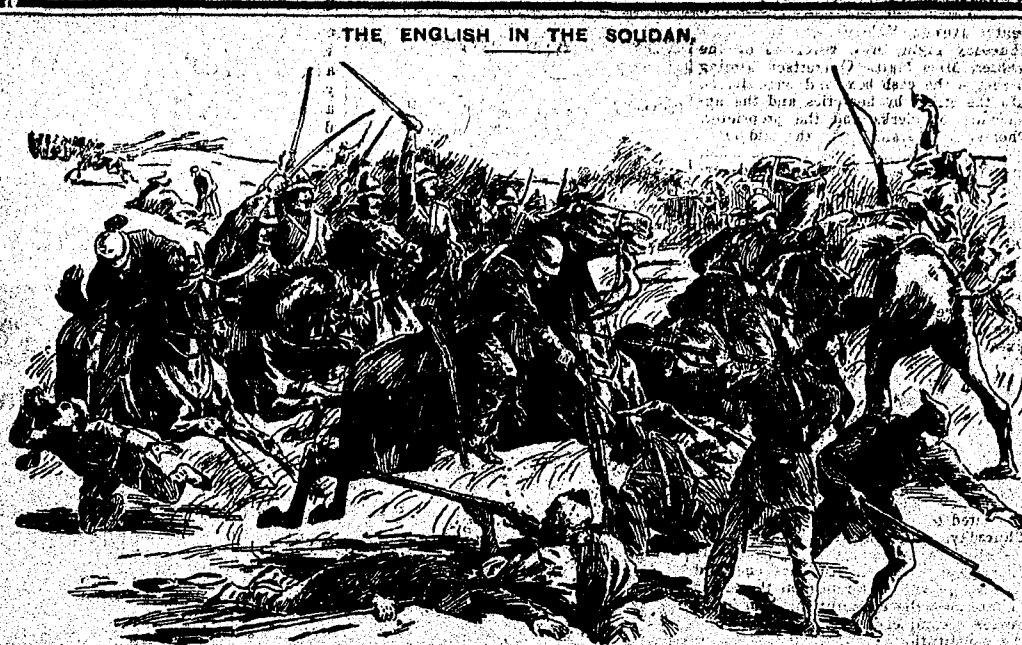
Insurance in Nebraska.

The insurance companies doing business in Nebraska took out of the State last year about \$500,000 more than they put in. And this was done in a year of business depression, when the indefinite thinning of the population is said by fire insurance men to have pervaded the State. More than this, fire insurance companies have operated under the valued policy law, which compels them to pay the face of a policy in case of total loss. As general business improves insurance business will materially revive and a still better showing can be made.—Omaha Bee.

Time to Drop It.

Those newspapers which find fault with the outcome of the Waller case don't know when to let a good thing alone.—Washington Post.

Nearly every citizen of a town believes that he "made" it.



This scene is from the painting made shortly after the last war in the Sudan. It shows a hand-to-hand conflict between the British and the Dervishes.

HEATING BY STEAM.

RECENT ADVANCES MADE IN THIS METHOD.

Its Early Imperfections Have Been Overcome and Splendid Results Are Now Obtained—Description of Model House and Its Heating Apparatus.

Clean and Economical. The vast increase in the number of the very large buildings, which is one of the most marked features of modern architecture, has brought many new problems to the builders. There has been a complete revolution in methods of construction. One of the minor ways in which this manifests itself is in the matter of heating. It goes without saying that the old style hot-air furnace is incapable of any development that would fit it for the city-scrubbing structure one now finds on every city block; nor would it suit the huge rambling country houses that have taken the place of the square, box-like building that contented our forefathers. The world of the present day is not the world of twenty-five years ago. Steam

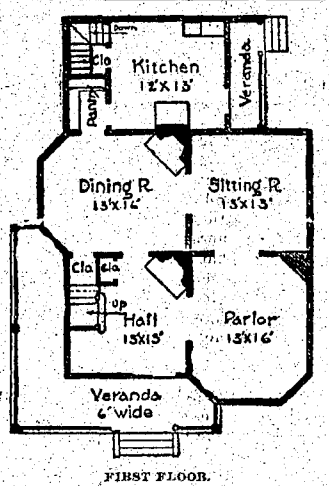


PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

heating, it is true, had its origin before these architectural changes had made themselves felt; but it was crude at first, and has developed to its present perfection under the spur of necessity.

With its many early imperfections steam-heating was slow in coming into favor, and there are to-day many worthy persons who hold a rooted aversion to it, based upon unhappy experience. It is not difficult to understand the reason for this when one visits a building equipped with a steam-heating apparatus of a score or more years ago. The temperature is scarcely even bearable for with the steam turned on the rooms become torrid; if it is turned off they become frigid, and there seems to be no happy medium. Added to this very vital objection, when the steam is first admitted to the radiators, one might as well live in a boiler-house. The thumping and clanging is enough to craze a person of nervous susceptibility.

In view of the splendid results that are now obtained in steam-heating, it is needless to say that these faults are not due to the system, but to the ignorant application of it. Where the heat cannot be properly and perfectly regulated, there has been no scientific adjustment of heating surface to the cubic dimensions of the room. In many buildings that have been equipped with the apparatus, subsequent to their erection, there are hundreds of feet of steam pipe exposed, because it was impossible to carry them from floor to floor and from room to room within the walls. The radiators themselves have sufficient heating surface, while the steam pipes are responsible for the over-heating. The architect of to-day settles this difficulty in his plans. If the matter is left to him, steam-heating becomes a delight to the householder.



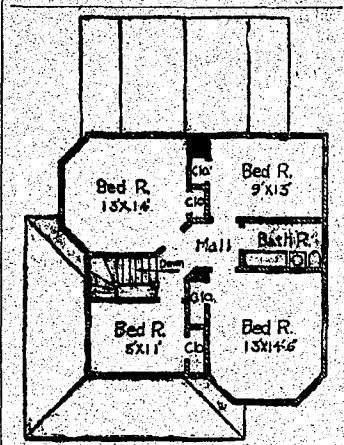
FIRST FLOOR.

as it gives rise and equable temperature in the most extreme weather, and at a minimum of cost for fuel.

The thumping in the radiators, which forms a prime objection to the system in the mind of those who remember the experimental stage of steam-heating, is entirely obviated by the use of the improved apparatus. It is caused, of course, by the condensing of steam in the radiators, and when this water is properly conducted back

into the boiler the system is as noiseless as hot air or hot water heating. The accompanying design is for a country villa in which the plans call for a simple and inexpensive steam-heating plant.

General Dimensions: Width, through



SECOND FLOOR.

dining-room and back parlor, 33 feet 4 inches; depth, including bay window, 48 feet.

Height of Stories: Cellar, 7 feet; first story, 9 feet; second story, 9 feet.

Exterior Materials: Foundation, stone; first and second stories, clapboards; band between first and second



BRUMMEL, THE MONKEY, IN HIS NEW LONDON CLOTHES.

stories, band under eaves, gables, dormers and roofs, shingles.

Interior Finish: Two coat plaster, hard white finish. Flooring and trim in hall, oak; elsewhere, N. C. pine. Oak staircase. Kitchen walls wainscoted. All interior woodwork grain-finished and finished with hard oil varnish.

Colors: All clapboards, fawn-brown. Trim, including water-table, corner boards, cornices, etc., white. Outside doors and ceiling, oiled. Shingles on side walls left natural for weather stain. Shingled roofs stained a deep red.

Accommodations: Cellar under rear half of house with inside and outside entrance. Portiere openings connect hall, parlor, sitting-room and dining-room. Open fireplaces in hall and dining-room. Hat and coat closet in hall. Butler's pantry, containing dresser, connects kitchen and dining-room. Portable range and sink in kitchen. Bathroom in second story, with full plumbing. Attic unfinished, except for storage purposes.

This house would cost about \$2,985, including the heating apparatus, range and mantels—built within 100 miles of New York City, although in many sections of the country the cost should be much less, where labor or materials are cheaper.

Radiators should be placed as near the windows as possible, and in all rooms but the kitchen, including the bathroom and lower hall. A fair estimate for the apparatus complete, set, would be about \$290.

The Co-Operative Building Plan Association, Architects, 106-108 Fulton Street, New York.

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Curious Worms. The most curious creature of the worm family is the diplozoon, a singular parasite which infests the gills of several species of fish, particularly the bream. Each individual diplozoon has two distinct bodies, united in the middle so as to form a perfect S. Andrew's cross, each half of the creature containing precisely the same kind of organs, viz., an alimentary canal, a venous system, reproductive organs, etc.

Rise and Fall of a Town. Red Mountain, Colo., which four years ago was a prosperous camp of several thousand people, and did the largest money order business of any camp in the San Juan country is now without a postoffice.

A MONKEY'S WARDROBE.

Brummel, the Best Dressed Monkey in All Creation.

A white-faced Japanese monkey, owned by a member of the Union League Club of New York, is quite a dandy in his way. He is certainly the best dressed and best groomed simian in the world, and very appropriately is named Brummel. It was in London recently that the owner conceived the idea of providing his monkey with decent clothes. Man, he argued, owed a certain debt of gratitude to dead monkeys, which they could repay in no better fashion than by showing a decent courtesy to the living ones. And to this forcible reasoning Brummel owes his wardrobe. His master sent to Poole, Mr. Poole is the most fashionable—which means the most expensive—tailor in London, and therefore in the world. One has to be introduced before Poole will make clothes for one.

Mr. Poole sent Dent, the famous Dent, his head cutter, to measure Brummel, and within two weeks the monkey had the neatest little wardrobe that ever mortal monkey possessed. His dress suit is made of the costliest broadcloth, faced with satin, and stitched throughout with silk. His walking costume is of heavy English tweed, and when you see Brummel with his cap perched jauntily upon his head and a walking stick in one hand you have a vivid impression of having seen something like it before—probably upon a trans-Atlantic liner. His pyjamas are of the light-



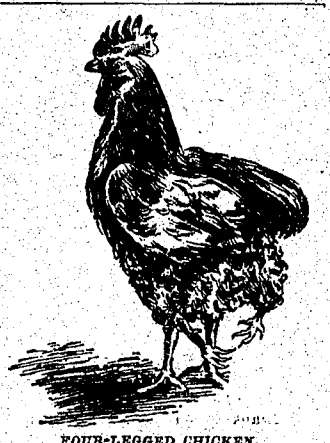
BRUMMEL, THE MONKEY, IN HIS NEW LONDON CLOTHES.

est, finest Chinese silk; and the monkey has become so accustomed to them that he refuses to go to sleep without them. The bath robe, which is of some fleecy material, soft to the touch, pleases Brummel so much that he actually learned to take a bath every morning, for the pleasure of feeling it upon his back. Of course, Brummel has a valet to look after him, and you may depend upon it this valet earns his wages. There is no monotony in his life.

OWNS A FOUR-LEGGED ROOSTER.

Curious Freak of Nature Owned by Thomas Flannigan of Elwood, Ind.

One of the most remarkable freaks of nature ever seen in the vicinity of Elwood, Ind., is the four-legged Plymouth Rock rooster owned by Thomas Flannigan, a Panhandle section foreman, who lives in that city. The rooster is 2 years old, and although otherwise a common-looking chicken, it has two well-developed pairs of legs. The hind legs branch out from the hips immediately behind the ordinary legs,



FOUR-LEGGED CHICKEN.

and when it walks its hind two legs go through the motions of walking. The chicken is a great pet and attracts widespread attention.

Corn Culture in Boston. The proposed "corn laws" in the Legislature have brought to light the fact that some 200,000 Bostonians are treated for corns annually. True, corns must take care of the feet as well as of the head.—Boston Globe.

STATE OF SUPERIOR.

FOND DREAM OF THE PEOPLE OF THE IRON BELT.

Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota Will Be Asked to Consent to Disfranchisement of One Million People Anxious for the Change.

New Northern State.

A writer in the New York Dispatch of recent date says:

Those who live in winter in centers of civilization, where thermometers seldom or never register zero, have little conception of the vast area of hardy populations which has sprung into an extraordinary condition of prosperity on the shores of our northern lakes. A Duluth or Escanaba thermometer might be assumed to rise to zero in January, but the inhabitants of the northern zone would still view with contempt their southern counterparts, saying in balmy winds from the gulf and breathing odors of myriad roses from the gardens. Around our great northern sea, Lake Superior, a million people at this moment would like recognition as a new State, while with impetuous energy, they are excavating ten million annual tons of iron ore, taking down nearly a mile below the surface of the earth, denuding forests of a billion feet of lumber and timbers, guarding vast areas of grain to be harvested next autumn and supplying the world with fresh water fishes.

Escanaba lies at the head of Green Bay, 325 miles due north of Chicago. It is a matter of a night's journey either way. In the summer it is an enchanted spot of Northland, offering a cool, dry climate, the most pleasurable boating, fishing and fishing. It is the great iron port of the North, rivalled only by Ashland, Minn. By the construction of the Duluth and Superior railway, the docks are colossal structures, into the pockets of which are dropped the ores of the Mesabi range from the false bottom ore cars, thence into the holds of steamships through iron cylinders. By the construction of the Duluth and Superior railway, the docks are colossal structures, into the pockets of which are dropped the ores of the Mesabi range from the false bottom ore cars, thence into the holds of steamships through iron cylinders. By the construction of the Duluth and Superior railway, the docks are colossal structures, into the pockets of which are dropped the ores of the Mesabi range from the false bottom ore cars, thence into the holds of steamships through iron cylinders.

Some years ago, one man saw the possibilities of Escanaba, constructed railways to and from it which are now a part of the Northwestern system, and conceived its splendid ore docks. This man was Lieutenant Governor James H. Menzies, who once lived in the country over Scotland a poor lad, and by building the fortunes of Escanaba and its environment, achieved his own wealth, political power and fame. One fatal day in 1888 he left the Senate at Lansing, where he was presiding, and with several railway officials, went on a tour of inspection on the peninsula in his private car. The train was wrecked, and he and those with him were killed. Escanaba survives as a monument, largely of his handiwork. It is a modern city, in all respects, replete with a trolley railway, electric lighting, steam heating, good hotels, a magnificent harbor of refuge and shipping, a canal of access to Chicago and other parts of the lake. In the spring the largest ore-vessels early attempt to be first at its ore docks.

The Calumet and Hecla copper mine is now being worked at a depth of 4,700 feet. I was told that the copper increases in richness and abundance as the shaft sinks. I can remember when this mine was supposed to be worthless. In despair the directors sought Alexander Agassiz, the son of the great Louis, and offered him a large slice of stock if he would examine the mine and unveil the truth. Agassiz investigated and discovered the vast wealth of the deposit. As a result, his stock has brought him immense dividends, from which he built, stocked and endowed the big Museum of Comparative Zoology, annex of Harvard College, a steamer with which he has explored expeditions and dredged the Caribbean sea, Pacific ocean and the Gulf stream, securing thousands of new forms of marine animal and plant life.

The big iron ranges around Lake Superior produced 10,000,000 tons of ore during the past season. They comprise the Vermilion, near Duluth, the Gogebic and Mesabi, near Ashland; the Marquette near Escanaba. It is this territory of iron, copper, lumber and fishing industries, comprising perhaps a million people, that has for some time been desiring to become a State. Each session of the Legislatures of Minnesota and Wisconsin is important by the people of those States to let them form a new State. The Northern peninsula has never been considered as properly part of Michigan. It clearly has the right of secession and of statehood. It seems absurd, however, for Wisconsin to surrender a slip of her territory bordering Lake Superior, and it is doubted if it will consent to do so to gratify the vanity of Duluth by letting West Superior join that city. In such a matter the big railway systems have little interest and will offer no help. As a matter of fact such a move is directly against the interests of the railways, which would have to pay the cost of the commission to the father and new political conquests to make in order to control another Legislature.

The iron products increase annually by 1,000,000 tons. The mines have got down to a business basis, and have ample plants for modern production. The iron mines and bauxite have been worked out. In the Gogebic range, for instance, it has been found that out of 200 "mines" there are about twenty-five good working properties, which consequently have been amply provided with working capital and plant. These mines are now the largest producers, making the Gogebic the banner range of the world. The shipping mines annually exceed former outputs by 300,000 tons, and the Vermilion mines by 200,000 tons.

The Northland scenery in winter is grand and inspiring. A visit to it will be found invigorating and healthful, and a good preparation for a season in Florida. I always go North before going South. The climate of 60 degrees of climate, say from Escanaba to New Orleans, within three days, is a pleasure worth the experiment. But to experiment in the opposite way is disastrous to the strongest constitution.

Patriotism in the Hub.

Appropos of the proverbial quality reigning in the breast of every true Bostonian, a friend of mine of a philanthropic turn of mind noticed for several mornings that the children of the garbage man accompanied their father on his rounds and greedily ate certain choice morsels which they extracted from the garbage. This so weighed upon the good man's heart that after careful thought he approached the father, talked kindly with him about his children, offered assistance, and said: "Now, why don't you take your family West, buy a little farm and give them a comfortable home and living?" "What?" said the astonished man, "take my children out of Boston?" New York Herald.

WHERE PRESIDENTS ARE BURIED.

Twenty-one Tombs Contain All that is Mortal of American Executives.

1. George Washington died from a cold which brought on laryngitis; buried on his estate at Mount Vernon, Va.
2. John Adams died from senile debility; buried at Quincy, Mass.
3. Thomas Jefferson died of chronic diarrhoea; buried on his estate at Monticello, Va.
4. James Madison died of old age; buried on his estate at Montpelier, Va.
5. James Monroe died of general debility; buried at Marble cemetery, New York City.
6. John Quincy Adams died of paralysis, the fatal attack overtaking him in the House of Representatives; buried at Quincy, Mass.
7. Andrew Jackson died of consumption and dropsy; buried on his estate, the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tenn.
8. Martin Van Buren died of catarrh of the throat and lungs; buried at Kinderhook, N. Y.
9. William Henry Harrison died of pleurisy, induced by a cold taken on the day of his inauguration; buried near North Bend, Ohio.
10. John Tyler died from a mysterious disorder like a bilious attack; buried at Richmond, Va.
11. James K. Polk died from weakness, caused by cholera; buried on his estate in Nashville, Tenn.
12. Zachary Taylor died from cholera morbus, induced by improper diet; buried on his estate near Louisville, Ky.
13. Millard Fillmore died from paralysis; buried in Forest Hill cemetery, Buffalo, N. Y.
14. Franklin Pierce died from inflammation of the stomach; buried at Concord, N. H.
15. James Buchanan died of rheumatism and gout; buried near Lancaster, Pa.
16. Abraham Lincoln, assassinated by J. Wilkes Booth; buried at Springfield, Ill.
17. Andrew Jackson died from paralysis; buried at Greenville, Tenn.
18. Ulysses S. Grant died from cancer of the throat; buried in Riverside Park, New York City.
19. Rutherford B. Hayes died from paralysis of the heart; buried at Fremont, Ohio.
20. James A. Garfield, assassinated by Charles J. Guiteau; buried at Cleveland, Ohio.
21. Chester A. Arthur died from Bright's disease; buried in Rural cemetery, Albany, N. Y.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

THREE OF A KIND.

Steer that Has Three Horns, Three Eyes and Three Nostrils.

There were many strange animals at Madison Square Garden, New York, during the recent animal show, but the strangest of them all was a steer with three horns, three eyes and three nostrils. He is the strangest animal in the country, in fact. His owner calls him a "three time winner." Each of the queer animal's three horns is perfectly formed. Two of them are where the horns of a perfect steer should be and the third is about midway between the others. Two of his eyes are like those of an ordinary steer. The third is not fully developed, but it is an eye nevertheless. Each of



THE STRANGE STEER.

the trio of nostrils is well proportioned and the animal breathes and smells with all of them.

The extra horn, eyes and nostril are in a straight line from the top of the head down, each being a little to the left of the middle. The amount of hooking and snorting that can be done by this marvelous beast can easily be imagined.

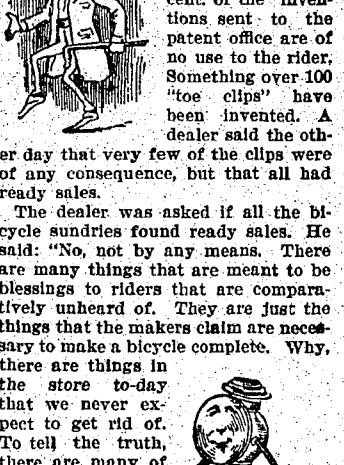
FLOOD OF INVENTIONS.

Patents for Wheelmen's Sundries Are Constantly Applied For.

The patent office at Washington has been flooded during the last year with inventions relative to the bicycle.

It is estimated that the ambitions of 500 persons are displayed in the invention of bicycle sundries submitted to the patent office every month. It is estimated that 80 per cent of the inventions sent to the patent office are of no use to the rider. Something over 100 "toe clips" have been invented. A dealer said the other day that very few of the clips were of any consequence, but that all had ready sales.

The dealer was asked if all the bicycle sundries found ready sales. He said: "No, not by any means. There are many things that are meant to be blessings to riders that are comparatively unheard of. They are just the things that the makers claim are necessary to make a bicycle complete. Why, there are things in the store to-day that we never expect to get rid of. To tell the truth, there are many of them that I would not sell if I could. I could not look the buyer in the face an hour later if I did. If a bicycle rider were to supply himself with everything that is claimed to be necessary to make his outfit complete, he would find it extremely difficult to put them all in an average sized wheelbarrow. There are bicycle sundries and there are bicycle sundries."



FOUR-LEGGED CHICKEN.

The Avalanche.

G. PALMER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1896.

Entered in the Post Office, at Grayling Mich., as second-class matter.

POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Cleveland can veto some bills that the people want, but he can't veto "the Ohio Bill."

The Democratic party may not see the handwriting on the wall, but it will soon. It is going to the wall.—Kansas City Journal.

How can we say that figures won't lie when the Democrats of Louisiana gave a man 3000 majority in a district that only has 600 voters in it?—St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald.

The next President will be more prompt to recognize a people struggling for liberty, and less ready to veto pensions of worthy old soldiers.—Kansas City Journal.

The Republicans will be satisfied if they carry every northern state, and four or five southern states this year. They want to meet enough opposition to keep the flies off the campaign.—Det. Journal.

The Democratic free traders are giving all the aid they can to the opponents of McKinley. Anybody but the leading advocate of protection will suit them.

The Republican House of Representatives will be ready to adjourn May 18th, but the mixed pickles Senate will probably make a later date. The House has made a good record, and what this country needs is a Republican Senate to match.—Detroit Journal.

American interest continues to be sacrificed in Cuba by the millions of dollars, and yet the President is mum, and refuses to take any cognizance of the acts of Congress or heed the voice of the people.—Inter-Ocean.

It is very touching to hear the men who impoverished the Nation and wrecked its treasury by free trade and tariff reform pitifully pleading for retrenchment and economy. Europe with the run of our markets, ought to feel grateful.—Inter Ocean.

The demonstrations in the Illinois, California, Indiana and Michigan republican state conventions, when instructions for McKinley, were adopted, was a testimonial that any candidate might be proud of. The magnificent demonstration and large vote in his favor show what a strong hold the champion of protection has on the republicans of the West.

There are evidences of a desire on the part of the Democrats to delay the report of the Venezuelan commission, so that the question shall not come up in the Presidential campaign. It makes no difference, however. The real issue is prosperity vs. Democratic hard times. On that the people's minds are made up, and they are merely waiting until November to formally record their verdict.

When Republicans charged that Secretary Carlisle was withholding appropriations made by Congress, and refusing to pay claims against the government upon the flimsiest excuses, democrats denied both charges. Now comes Senator Gorman with a statement fully substantiating both charges, and saying, that Secretary Carlisle was obliged to resort to such methods because of lack of money.

The argument of Senator Burrows on the Du Pont case has received particularly high praise from his brother Senators and all who heard it. It showed unusual research, and brought to light many facts and precedents bearing directly on the case, which were a surprise to both sides, and strongly supported Du Pont's right to his seat in the Senate. His presentation of all these was very happy, and greatly enhanced his reputation for ability.—Nat. Tribune.

The Press is glad to be able to announce that Hon. G. A. Prescott, of Tawas City, will be a candidate for re-nomination on the Republican ticket as candidate for state Senator from this district. Up to within a short time Mr. Prescott has been averse to taking a second term, and has frequently expressed himself to the effect that he could not see his way clear to accept a re-nomination. But his business interests are now in such a shape that he can devote the necessary time to the campaign, and to the office, if elected, as he certainly would be if nominated; and at the solicitation of friends he has decided to stand for re-nomination.—Oscoda Press.

SALLING, HANSON & COMPANY'S MILLS.

The Great Grayling Plant.

The TIMBERMAN of April 18th, gives a glowing description of the lumbering plant of Salling, Hanson & Co., which is profusely illustrated, and will give the outside world some idea of the large business here conducted. It has grown so steadily in our midst, and is so familiar to our people that but few realize the magnitude of the work. We quote briefly from the article.

"Some facts about the lumber producing plant of Salling, Hanson & Co., and their business at Grayling, which runs the whole year around, both in the trout season, and in the time when the crust is on the snow, and when Shopenagons sees 'three suns.'"

So the TIMBERMAN has caused to be made several views of the plant, accompanied by a portrait of E. N. Salling, and will herewith, in the text, tell the story of the rise of the business of these men of Grayling.

It was in 1869 that the partnership of Ernest N. Salling, Erasmus Hanson and Nels Michelson was formed, and it has run trim and true as a Yankee yacht in the direction of success ever since.

They began business as log jobbers, always buying timber with the profits and a sifted history of the concern shows that there was not a time when the jobbing account was on the wrong side of the ledger.

The company came to Grayling in 1878, and began operations—lumbering for various interests—and always buying land. They owned a 5000 or 6000 capacity mill at Grayling. They increased it to 60,000 daily capacity.

But Salling, Hanson and Co. live very much in the present. Their past has been wonderfully successful or there would be no present. It is of the present that we shall particularly deal.

They cut last year 28,608,119 feet of lumber with their two mills, being a daily average for each day in the year of 95,364 feet of lumber.

The company owns in Crawford county 7,500 acres, upon which there are 22,000,000 feet of cork pine still standing, and also 280,000,000 of plain white pine and Norway. In Montmorency county they hold 1,880 acres of white pine and Norway, which will cut 23,000,000, and in Otsego 1,680 acres of white pine and Norway, which will cut 16,000,000. This makes for the company an ownership in white pine of 89,030,000 feet, located on 11,120 acres of land. In hardwoods Salling, Hanson & Co. have 5,840 acres in Crawford county, which will cut 24,000,000, and 11,644 acres in Otsego county, which will cut 100,000,000 feet, making all told 124,000,000 feet of hardwood lumber, located on 17,300 acres of land.

With the present capacity of the mills at Grayling the cork pine, white pine and Norway will last about five years. With what can be bought in hemlock and pine logs the life of the Grayling plant will be prolonged five years more, or ten years all told from this date.

Some time in the future a plant will be erected in Otsego county to cut their lumber in that locality.

The logging operations are conducted over the Michigan Central tracks, one of the branches of that road runs from Grayling twenty-eight miles northeast to Lewiston, Mich. Branches run out from that road to the various camps. This part of the business is in charge of Mr. N. P. Salling, and is successfully accomplished. No more minute description of that part of the business seems necessary to the writer, for northern logging is northern logging, but there are vast differences in logs, and it is more concerning logs than logging that this article will treat.

Mr. E. E. Ferno, of the United States Forestry Department, is making an exhaustive examination of white pines, and recently made extensive researches on Salling, Hanson & Co's land near Grayling. When the report is made it will contain much interesting data.

The cork pine of Salling, Hanson & Co. is located on the north half of township 27, range 3-west, of Crawford county, Mich. It runs three or four logs to the thousand, and the logs run 50 per cent shop and better.

The two saw mill plants, which deliver the black smoke into the arms of the north wind in the winter days are the best of their kind.

The mill on the northside of the track is contained in a building 40x170 feet in size, two stories in height. On the north-east corner is an annex 30x10 feet in size.

The five boilers are 4x18 feet. A great deal of the offal is burned. The engine is 24x36 inches. The carriage has five head blocks and will handle logs up to 60 feet in length. The mill contains a Garland trimmer and edger, also. The lumber is taken up by an overhead carriage system of rolls from the trimmer, and is sorted at the tail of the mill to lengths, widths, grade, etc., and piled in four lines of piles, a quarter of a mile long to the east of the planing mill. In the annex mentioned is a Per-

kins & Co. double block and a lath mill. The saw mill capacity is lumber 55,000, shingles 40,000 to 100,000, lath, the same.

The planing mill is contained in a building 72 feet wide and 150 feet long. Cars are hauled to it by the Michigan Central switch engine.

The planing mill contains four S. A. Woods' machines, a W. B. Mer-shon & Co. Standard perfected band resaw, which has risen to fame so rapidly, and a Garland edger.

The band mill occupies a position on the south side of the track, relative to that of the mill on the north side, as also do the long piles of lumber therefrom.

The building is 40x140 feet in size, the boiler house 40x70, and contains 3 tubular boilers 4x18 feet in size. The power is transmitted by an 18x24 engine. The mill is a No. 2 Edward P. Allis band. The capacity of the mill is about 45,000 to 50,000 feet of lumber each working day. On this mill are cut the cork pine logs, and all other good lumber.

The fire protection of the plant at Grayling is superb, and ramifies and protects the town as well. There are two great pumps, one in constant action, and the other ready for action at a moment's notice. There are over 10,000 feet of 5 and 6-inch pipes and a perfect network of laterals.

The electric lights are of the arc variety, on poles fifty feet high. There are 20 of these lamps, each of 2000 candle power, and they light the yards, the mills, and the town, and there they twinkle in the frost of the winter night, when the sun and the 'sun dogs' have set; and there they glow in the somnolence of summer nights, and in each case make day out of night in the land of Shopenagons's Cork Pine.

We add that the specialty of long timber, and special bill stuff, by this firm is recognized by the entire trade of the United States, and orders are received and promptly filled, from all parts of the Union, and an immense quantity of perfect cork pine is being shipped in the log direct to Liverpool, which is met by admiration and wonder.

The AVALANCHE claims Crawford county to be the coming banner county of the state, that Grayling is to day the tanner village, with its schools, churches and the general make up of its citizenship, and that there is no more hustling, prompt and reliable firm anywhere than Salling, Hanson & Co., whose total business is many times more than that above mentioned.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

World's Fair Highest Award.

Cure for Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of Headache, Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure, and the most dreadful habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation, Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tonic to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only 50 cents at L. Fournier's Drug Store.

Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, one of the ablest advocates of free coinage of silver, has written a letter defining his position. He states that he is a Republican and will stand by the party, no matter what action the Republican national convention may take on the silver question. In other words he has more confidence in the Republican party, where the great issues of the country are at stake, than in any other party. He realizes that a protective tariff is of paramount interest in the coming campaign, and that on the financial question the party that devised ways and means to produce revenue to save the country from dissolution during the war of rebellion, can safely be trusted to handle the financial question for the future.

Discovery Saved His Life.

Mr. G. Gallonette, druggist, Bay-ersville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail, and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial bottle at L. Fournier's Drug Store.

Some time ago the soldier-hating papers were fond of making comparisons of the pension expenditures of this country with those of European nations. So far we have not noticed any of them making comparisons of the way our public debt has been increased in a period of profound peace, with similar performances in Europe.—Nat. Tribune.

The Baltimore World remarks: "The people will not permit a reopening of the tariff question." Well, just wait and see "tariff reform" ripped up. The party now in power, won't know the handling when the people get through with it. It is the very thing that has caused the great revolution.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetters, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by L. Fournier, druggist.

The Republicans will have a walk-over in the coming election, a fact which brings joy to the American people. They can look to it for protection of the industries of the country, a wise administration of national affairs, and a proper enforcement of the laws of the land. Not a few Southern states—among them Louisiana—may be expected to go into the Republican column if McKinley be the nominee. They need protection, and he is the man to whom they look for it.—New Orleans Item.

Better Health Than Ever

"An attack of La Grippe, three years ago, left me a physical wreck, and being naturally frail and delicate, it seemed as if I never should rally again. Induced at last to try

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

I was surprised after taking it two weeks, to find I was gaining strength, and now I am pleased to say I am enjoying better health than I ever had before in my life."—EVA BRAGO, Lincoln, Ill.

Highest Awards
World's Fair
Chicago.

Notice to the Public!

HAVING PURCHASED THE

Salling, Hanson & Co. stock of Shoes at a great sacrifice, less than Manufacturer's Prices, we offer it to the people at

TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT

off of the original selling price. Remember these are not State Prison make, or second hand factory shoes, but comprise the well known shoes manufactured by

H. S. ROBINSON, & PINGREE & SMITH.

Every pair is warranted. They are known for their wearing qualities, not alone in this State, but in every State in the Union. We will add considerably to them in the near future, Shoes of the same make and brand.

REMEMBER!!

\$4.00 Shoes for \$3.00; \$3.00 Shoes for \$2.25; \$2.50 Shoes for \$1.88; \$2.00 Shoes for 1.50, and other shoes are reduced in proportion.

REMEMBER

that we keep at all times a full and selected stock of DRY GOODS, CLOTHING; HATS AND CAPS, AND LADIES' AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

We call especial attention to our line of Ladies' Shirt Waists and Wraps.

Soliciting a share of your patronage in any of the lines mentioned, we are
Yours, Very Truly,

H. JOSEPH Co.,
GRAYLING, - - MICHIGAN.

NEW LOCATION AND NEW GOODS.

I have moved into the Wight building, next door to the Post Office, where I shall be pleased to see all my old, and many new patrons. I have just received a full line of

CANNED GOODS, CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS,

Story Papers, Soft Drinks. Lunches served. Give me a call.
J. W. SORENSON, - Grayling, Michigan

VICTORS ALWAYS LEAD.

THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS IN FINE MECHANICAL CONSTRUCTION AND PERFECTION OF DETAIL.

The strongest light wheel on the market.

VICTORS SPEND THEIR TIME ON THE ROAD, NOT IN THE REPAIR SHOP.

Overman Wheel Co.

Makers of Victor Bicycles and Athletic Goods.

Boston, New York, Detroit, Denver, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Ore.

Farmers, Attention!

LOOK HERE!

NOW IS THE TIME TO CONSIDER

THE USE OF
Phosphate,
Land Plaster,
Potato Grower,
Clover Seed,
Timothy Seed,
Millet Seed,

BARBED WIRE, &c., &c.

Call at our Store and we will quote you prices which are right,

SALLING, HANSON & CO.

WE CLAIM EVERYTHING "IN SIGHT."

IT IS EASY TO SEE ON THE

'Daugherty Visible Type Writer EVERY WORD AND LETTER

RAPID-DURABLE-SIMPLE Permanent Alignment

Price \$75.00

MACHINES SENT ON TRIAL—write to
The DAUGHERTY TYPEWRITER COMPANY,
W. N. FERRIS, State Agent. Pittsburgh, Pa.

OIL BURNER

TAKES THE PLACE OF DANGEROUS GASOLINE. GOES IN ANY STOVE. NO SMOKE, DIRT OR ODOR. 1/2 CHEAPER THAN WOOD OR COAL.

WANT AGENTS on salary or commission. Send for Catalogue of Prices and Terms.

NATIONAL OIL BURNER CO.
602 CEDAR AVE.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

The COAST LINE to MACKINAC

TAKE THE



TO CLEVELAND MACKINAC.

2 New Steel Passenger Steamers

The Greatest Perfection yet attained in Boat Construction—Luxurious Equipment. Artistic Furnishing, Decoration and Efficient Service insuring the highest degree of

COMFORT, SPEED AND SAFETY.

Four Trips per Week Between

Toledo, Detroit and Mackinac

PETOSKEY, "THE SOO," MARQUETTE, AND DULUTH.

LOW RATES to Pictured Rocks and Return, including meals and Berries. From Cleveland, \$16; from Toledo, \$15; from Detroit, \$12.50.

EVERY EVENING

Between Detroit and Cleveland

Connecting at Cleveland with Earliest Trains for all points East, South and Southwest and at Detroit for all points North and Northwest.

Sunday Trips June, July, August and September Only.

EVERY DAY BETWEEN

Cleveland, Put-in-Bay & Toledo

Send for Illustrated Pamphlet. Address

A. A. SCHWARTZ, S. S. A., DETROIT, MICH.

The Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co.

Your Face



Will be wreathed with a most engaging smile, after you invest in a

White Sewing Machine

EQUIPPED WITH ITS NEW

PINCH TENSION, TENSION INDICATOR

—AND—

AUTOMATIC TENSION RELEASE,

The most complete and useful device ever added to any sewing machine.

The WHITE is

Durably and Handsomely Built,

Of Fine Finish and Perfect Adjustment,

Sows ALL Sewable Articles,

And will serve and please you up to the full limit of your expectations.

ACTIVE DEALERS WANTED in unoccupied territory. Liberal terms. Address,

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,

CLEVELAND, O.

MONEY can be earned at one NEW line of work, easily and profitably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. We teach you. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new line and brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are sent from \$10 to \$100 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the equipment and teach you FREE. To receive again term, call for system FREE. T. H. & CO., 1007 1/2 N. 11th St.

The Avalanche.

J. C. HANSON, LOCAL EDITOR

THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1896.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Circuit Court will convene next Monday, the 18th.

The best 50 cent Corset in the city, at Claggett's.

F. F. Hoessl, Supervisor of Blaine, was in town yesterday.

Great Bargains in Ladies Hosiery, at Claggett's.

Wm. Graham, Clerk of Frederic township, was in town yesterday.

A Beautiful Clock free, at S. H. & Co's.

H. Schreiber, of Grove, was in town Tuesday.

For Harness or quick repairs, go to M. F. Merrill's Harness shop.

Buy your Evaporated and Canned Fruits, at Bates & Co's.

See line of Carpets, at Rosenthal's.

Geo. L. Alexander was in Roscommon one day last week.

Claggett's 50 cent Tea is a winner. Have you tried it?

N. P. Salling is making a fine addition to his residence.

For Doors, Sash, Glass and Putty see Albert Kraus.

Get a June Fashion Sheet at Rosenthal's.

One hundred doz. Canned Corn, at Claggett's. Only 5 cents a can.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

Heavy Moon of Center Plains, was in town, Monday.

Big scheme in Prize Baking Powder, at Claggett's.

David Ryckman, of Grove, was in town, Monday.

A snap shot in Dried Peaches, at Claggett's. Six pounds for 25 Cents.

Andrew Cruzen, of Blaine, was in town, Monday.

Buy a pair of S. H. & Co's \$3.00 Men's Combination Shoes, and you will be pleased.

J. K. Bates, of Maple Forest was in town, Monday.

Bates & Co. are ouering the choicest Teas and the best Coffees, in town.

Miss Agnes Bates is engaged in the high school at Traverse City for the ensuing year.

Claggett's 50 cent Tea was imported by himself and is excelled by none. Try it!

H. Feldhauser, of Blaine, was in town Saturday, and brought the devil a mess of fish.

Decorate your tables with Claggett's Silverware. It costs you nothing.

F. A. Brigham has moved to Owosso. He has sold his residence property to A. Kraus.

John McCallum and N. Patton, of Maple Forest, were in town, last Monday.

A full stock of Detroit White Lead Work Paints, Oils and Varnishes at Albert Kraus.

Buy your Barbed Wire of S. H. & Co. now, it never was so cheap before.

Rev. H. L. Cope, son of his father, occupied the pulpit of the M. E. Church, last Sunday morning.

Claggett's Sock Factory is running night and day, making men's socks that he sells for 5 cents.

The apportionment of Primary School interest fund for May, is \$294.88 for Crawford county.

The best place in Grayling to buy Hay, Grain and Feed, is at Bates & Co's. Prices guaranteed.

A car load of bees, 185 colonies, have been put to work on the farm of A. C. Nielson, of Ogemaw county.

Ladies, go to Claggett's, for your Summer Vests. The best line in the city, from 10 to 50 cents.

Len J. Patterson, of the Tawas Herald, attended the P. S. C. E. convention at Gaylord.

Claggett can save you money on Shoes. The latest styles arriving daily. Call and see them.

Mrs. L. T. Wright has the pleasure of entertaining her sister and mother, from Pennsylvania.

Get prices on Nails, Barbed Wire, and Builders Hardware of Albert Kraus, before purchasing elsewhere.

Emory Odell and Perry Ostrander, of Center Plains, were in town, last Tuesday.

If you enjoy a good cup of coffee, drink Claggett's Mandaling Java and Arabian Mocha, mixed.

R. Hanson has brought twenty cows from the central part of the state for his farm, near town.

S Hempstead is indulging in new paint for his residence, and putting his tenacious property in fine shape.

Albert Kraus has a fine line of fishing tackle, and it is astonishing how low his prices are.

There will be no services at the M. E. Church, Sunday, Sunday School and League meeting as usual.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. Most Perfect Made.

Buy your boy a pair of those Leather Stockings, at Claggett's. Something new.

Rev. G. Taylor and wife, of Cheboygan, are passing a few days in town, welcome visitors.

Pillsbury's Best is the best flour on earth. It leads the world. Claggett sells it.

John J. Niederer, Supervisor of Maple Forest, was in town yesterday.

Gents, don't go without a hat, when you can buy one for 50 cents, at Claggett's.

Rev. A. Henritzy, of Detroit, formerly of Grayling, officiated at the funeral of Mrs. Jensen, last week.

The largest line of Ladies Shirt Waist Sets, Buckles and Belts, ever shown in the city, at Claggett's.

Perry Ostrander, of this township, was in town last Friday, and made us a pleasant call.

Fresh White Bread, German Rye Bread and Brown Bread, Rolls, Buns, fresh every day, at McClains.

John Bauer has rented his farm in South Branch to a German, named Kastenholz.—Ros. News.

All standing advertisement for the AVAVALANCHE must be in the office as early as Tuesday of the week of issue.

Great bargains in Canned Goods at Claggett's. 500 dozen cans of canned Corn and Peas, going at 5 cents.

Chas. Amidon has extended the water mains from Ogemaw street to the residences of R. Hanson and L. Fournier.

Gold Medal Flour is the best spring wheat flour made, and leads all other flour. For sale by S. H. & Co.

Rev. R. L. Cope will deliver the Memorial Sermon on Sunday evening, the 24th, at the usual hour for services.

Farmers Attention! Go to Bates & Co. for Seed Grain of all descriptions. Re-fanned Oats, just received.

A continued object lesson in loyalty is ever before the pupils in our school rooms, which were supplied with elegant flags by the W. R. C.

We are pleased to learn that the little daughter of Benj. Sherman, of Maple Forest, who has had so long and painful illness, is recovering.

J. W. Sorenson is now prepared to furnish the best of Ice Cream, by the dish or quart. Give him a call.

Land Plaster, Phosphate and Potatoes Grower is to be considered now. Call at S. H. & Co. for prices.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church will meet with Mrs. Blanshan, Friday afternoon, May 15th.

A new and beautiful line of Sun Umbrellas, for Gents and Ladies, just received at Claggett's; prices from 75 cents to \$3.50.

Callistus Clapp, of Beaver Creek, traded his property for a farm in Hillsdale county, and moved there last week.

Mrs. Harrington, Sr., has so far recovered from her long illness, as to be able to return to her home in Midland.

S. H. & Co. have received their Spring Seeds, including Clover, Timothy and Millet. Call and get their prices.

Miss Paulina Schreiber, of Grove, returned last week from an extended visit with relatives and friends in Lansing and Jackson.

Mrs. Wm. Metcalf, of Center Plains township, was in town last Friday, with a large supply of butter and eggs.

Now that the fishing season has commenced, it may be well to remember that any man who will fish, will live.—Atchison Globe.

H. Joseph went down to the dam last Wednesday, to try his luck, and in a short time caught a rainbow trout that weighed 3 1-4 pounds.

A car load of Gold Medal Patent Flour just received at S. H. & Co's warehouse. You should try a sack, it is the very best.

A person is prematurely old when baldness occurs before the forty-fifth year. Use Hall's Hair Renewer to keep the scalp healthy, and prevent baldness.

Use Boydell's Prepared Paints, they are the best in quality and cheapest in price. Every gallon warranted. For sale at Fournier's Drug Store.

A. H. Anna, of Beaver Creek, received word Friday morning that his brother, at Bremen, Indiana, had died the day before.

Col. Worden came down from the Upper Peninsula, this week, to attend the U. S. Court at Bay City, but the case in which he is interested, is continued.

Ice Cream, on the Court House lawn, for the benefit of the Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. Church, on Saturday evening, May 16th. Only 10 cents.

Miss Flora Marvin, Commissioner of Schools for Crawford County, was in the village, Monday, en-route to South Branch and Ball townships, to visit the schools.—Ros. News.

A Beautiful Clock, a good time keeper, given away at S. H. & Co's store. Secure one, it costs you nothing.

The Cheboygan Democrat of last week says that the families that went to Rhode Island, last fall, are all returning as fast as they can secure money enough to get back with.

Ice Cream, on the Court House lawn, for the benefit of the Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. Church, on Saturday evening, May 16th. Only 10 cents.

All old soldiers, whether members of the G. A. R. or not, and the members of the W. R. C., are invited to attend the services Sunday evening, May 24th, at 7.30.

Rev. R. L. Cope will preach the Memorial Sermon, Sunday evening, May 24th. All are invited to attend, more especially the old veterans and their families.

The Soldier's Relief Commission for this county held their annual meeting the 11th inst. There were no indigent soldiers or their families reported.

Ice Cream, on the Court House lawn, for the benefit of the Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. Church, on Saturday evening, May 16th. Only 10 cents.

Frank Michelson had a close call for losing a hand, yesterday morning. It was caught by a saw, and three fingers badly lacerated. The saw tooth striking a heavy ring probably saved his hand.

Louis Pinkous, a former clothing merchant from this city, is in town. He now resides in Fort Wayne, Ind., and is on the road for a large cigar factory.—Cheboygan Tribune.

Miss Bates has resigned her position at the Gaylord high school to accept a similar place at Travers City, and Miss Etta Coventry, of Crawford county, is to take her place.—Osego Co. Herald.

DIED.—In Frederic Saturday, May 9th, Flora May Palmer, aged 7 years. This is the second death from diphtheria in the family, five of whom were attacked. The others are now convalescent.

Mrs. Detman, had the pleasure of entertaining her mother, the first of the week. She was on her way to Portland, Oregon, and Mrs. Detman accompanied her as far as Mackinaw, Tuesday morning.

Victor Salling has a flock of about fifty Pigeons, of several varieties, which are as tame as chickens, and are beauties. He has also some of the finest chickens, pure bred, that we ever saw.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Kneeland went to Detroit, on Wednesday, where Mr. Kneeland will attend the Republican state convention as one of the two delegates from this county.—Lewiston Journal.

The six saloons of Lewiston have again taken out license for the ensuing year. But the law and order league is after them, and will see that they strictly comply with the law.—Lewiston Journal.

About two weeks ago Peter Vallad, of Beaver Creek, received a kick from one of his horses, rendering him unable for work, for some time. His son, William, will take care of the farm, for this season.

J. Jones stuck a small wire nail in his wrist about three months ago, and the wound refused to heal. Yesterday the Dr. found a silver of wood over an inch long driven into the wrist, the evident cause of his trouble.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair, 'DR'.

PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

For Sale.

I have 40 acres of land near Worth, Arenac county, on which there is a good frame house. Land corners at a cross road, one quarter of a mile from rail road, and I will sell it on favorable conditions. Address Frank Goupli, Lock Box 58, Grand Marais, Alger Co., Mich.

For Sale.

I offer for sale my farm, 4 miles east of Grayling, containing 160 acres, 40 acres under cultivation. Frame house of four rooms, frame barn, and other outbuildings. Good well. Sixty acres fenced with galvanized wire. CHAS. FRANTZ, Grayling, Mich.

W.B. FLYNN, Dentist.

WEST BRANOR, MICH.

Will make regular trips to Grayling the 10th of each month, remaining for three days. Office with Dr. Insley.

E. N. Salling is here on his spring visit to the firm.

The baby boy of J. J. Collins fell from a chair, last evening, and broke his thigh.

Fred. Narrin had two jobs on hand this week, and left Chas. Smith in his place in the depot. Charles says it was selfish to leave him the most disagreeable task.

The M. & H. Lumber Co's large mill started up work again, day and night, runs, after a shut-down of nearly a month, on Monday. During this time much new machinery was added and the mill placed in thorough repair.—Lewiston Journal.

Arrangements are being made for a musical, to be given in the near future under the supervision of Miss Vena Jones, of Grayling, assisted by home and other talent. We anticipate a rare musical treat for our citizens. Full details will be given in a later issue.—Lewiston Journal.

Rev. A. Henritzy while in town last week, made us a pleasant call and ordered the AVAVALANCHE sent to his new home. Mrs. Henritzy is visiting with friends in Denmark. He is well pleased with his location, congregation and prospects.

The Danish Band made their first appearance in a parade, at the funeral of Mrs. Jensen, last Wednesday, and for a new band played very creditably. Rev. Henritzy, who organized the band was well pleased with their proficiency under the instructions of their new leader.

The Republican County Convention held in Rogers City, on Tuesday last, passed a resolution favoring Cheboygan as the city in which to hold the next tenth district convention when a congressman is to be chosen. Cheboygan by every natural law of party usage is certainly entitled to the honor.—Presque Isle Co. Advance.

Some sneak thief will get himself into a heap of trouble one of these days, if he does not stop his spite work. Five or six whips have been stolen from one buggy, and the horse untied several times. A good hemp noose would be a fitting ornament for such a whelp.

Russia wants a way to the Sea. Spain wants to subdue Cuba. Germany wants her share of Africa, and England wants the Earth, but the Great American People wants nothing so much as GOOD BREAD made of the best Flour on Earth. Baked daily at A. McClains.

Fredonio Quarantine.

Owing to misstatements made in regard to the action of the Board of Health of Grayling township, we insert the following:

Mr. Wm. Graham, Clerk of the Township of Frederic.

Dear Sir:—The Board of Health of this township, having been officially notified that diphtheria is prevalent in your township, met to take action in the matter, with the following result.

On motion the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved—That we establish a quarantine against all persons coming or attempting to come, from the township of Frederic, Mich., who have been lately infected with diphtheria, or who are suspected of having lately been infected with the aforesaid disease.

Resolved—That the Clerk of this Board be and is hereby authorized to notify the Supervisor of the township of Frederic by wire, immediately, and to send a copy of these resolutions to the Clerk of the Board of Health of the Township of Frederic by the first mail.

By order of the Board of Health, of the Township of Grayling, Mich. Dated May the 4th, A. D. 1896.

WM. G. MARSH, CLERK.

First-Class Steamboat Service between Detroit and Cleveland, and Cleveland, Put-in-Bay and Toledo.

D. & C. Floating Palaces are now running daily between Detroit and Cleveland, and on May 1st will commence to run daily between Cleveland, Put-in-Bay and Toledo. If you are traveling between the above points, take advantage of a water trip, and save money.

Spend your vacation on the Great Lakes. Send for illustrated pamphlet. Address A. A. Schantz, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich.

Farm For Sale.

I have 40 acres of land near Worth, Arenac county, on which there is a good frame house. Land corners at a cross road, one quarter of a mile from rail road, and I will sell it on favorable conditions. Address Frank Goupli, Lock Box 58, Grand Marais, Alger Co., Mich.

For Sale.

I offer for sale my farm, 4 miles east of Grayling, containing 160 acres, 40 acres under cultivation. Frame house of four rooms, frame barn, and other outbuildings. Good well. Sixty acres fenced with galvanized wire. CHAS. FRANTZ, Grayling, Mich.

TALK IS CHEAP!

But we want every one to come to Our Store and see for themselves, if we are not selling goods cheaper than any other place in town. It costs you nothing to come and convince yourself. Here are a few of our many Live Bargains:

Ladies' Summer Vests,	5 Cents.
" Rose, Fast Colors,	5 Cents.
Indigo Prints,	4 Cents.
Light Calico,	4 Cents.
Boy's Knee Pants,	23 Cents.
" Sweaters,	23 Cents.
" Suspensers,	5 Cents.
10 doz. Boy's Straw Hats, worth 50, at	25 Cents.
Men's Shirts,	24 Cents.
" Working Shoes, worth \$1.25, at	93 Cents.
" Pants, Patent Buttons,	73 Cents.
Ladies' Belts, worth 25 cents, at	10 "
Apron Gingham,	5 "

And hundreds of other bargains. Come and convince yourself that you can find the most complete lines in town.

JOE ROSENTHAL.

THE ONLY ONE PRICE

Dry Goods, Clothing Hat, Cap & Carpet HOUSE.

STOVES, STOVES!

I am selling at lowest possible prices:

PENINSULAR STOVES & RANGES,

Detroit White Lead Works' Paints and Varnishes. Strictly pure White Lead; Boiled and raw Linseed Oil; Turpentine, Japan, Shellac, Glass, Putty, Sash and Doors.

I have also a full line of Paint Brushes, Alabastine, Gypsum, NAILS, PLAIN & BARBED WIRE, FLOWS, HARROWS & CULTIVATORS.

The best line of FISHING TACKLE in Grayling.

I solicit a share of your trade,

A. KRAUS,

Grayling, Mich.

IT IS TIME TO THINK ABOUT DISINFECTANTS!

We are always ready to help with advice on such points.

THE OLD RELIABLE DRUG STORE!

LUCIEN FOURNIER

PROPRIETOR.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL F. & P. M. R. R.

(NIAGARA FALLS ROUTE.)

IN EFFECT NOV. 24, 1895.

Trains leave Grayling as follows:

GOING NORTH.

4:25 P. M. Mackinaw Express, Daily except Sunday; arrives at Mackinaw, 7:40 P. M.

5:02 A. M. Marquette Express, Daily, arrives at Mackinaw 8:30 A. M.

Way Freight, arrives Mackinaw 8:00 P. M.

GOING SOUTH.

1:30 P. M. Detroit Express, arrives at Bay City, 5:15 P. M. Detroit 9:45 P. M.

3:30 A. M. New York Express, Daily, arrives Bay City 5:30 A. M. Detroit, 11:15 A. M.

3:35 P. M. Grayling Accommodation, arrives at Bay City 7:00 P. M.

O. W. RUGGLES, GEN. PASS. AGENT.

A. W. CANFIELD, Local Ticket Agt., Grayling.

EDGAR BRITTON, Ticket Agent.

The NEW YORK WEEKLY PRESS

—AND THE—

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For information and free Handicraft write to MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York. Oldest issued for securing Patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the United States Patent Office on the first day of December.

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PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Modest Fees. Our Office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office, and we can secure Patent in less time than those remote from Washington. We draw and prepare all patent papers, and we can secure Patent in less time than those remote from Washington. We draw and prepare all patent papers, and we can secure Patent in less time than those remote from Washington. We draw and prepare all patent papers, and we can secure Patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

C. A. SNOW & CO.

Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Mortgage Sale.

WHEREAS default has been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage, bearing date the third day of January, A. D. 1895, made by George H. Russell, and Mary L. Russell, his wife, of Crawford County, Michigan, to the Security Savings and Loan Association, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of Minnesota, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Crawford, on the fifth day of January, A. D. 1895, in book D of mortgages, on pages 410, 411, 412, and wherever there is a claim to be due on said mortgage and the note accompanying the same, at the date of this notice, the sum of five hundred and twenty-two dollars and seventy-four cents (\$522.74) which amount includes the sum of four dollars and fifty cents paid for insurance on the mortgage, and no suit or proceedings at law or in equity having been taken to recover the same or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative, now therefore notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and of the statute in such case made and provided, the undersigned will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on Saturday, the twenty-third day of May, A. D. 1896, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, standard time, at the front door of the Court House in the village of Grayling, (that being the building wherein the Circuit Court for the county of Crawford is held) the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the said indebtedness, together with the costs and expenses of sale, and an attorney's fee of fifteen dollars (\$15.00) provided and agreed in said mortgage, and also any sum, or sums, that shall be paid at or before said sale by the undersigned for taxes and insurance to protect its interest in said premises described in said mortgage, to wit: All those tracts or parcels of land lying and being in the County of Crawford, and State of Michigan, described as follows, to wit: Lots three (3) and four (4) of Block numbered two (2) of the Addition to the village of Grayling, according to the plat thereof on file or of record in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for said County of Crawford, and State of Michigan. Dated February 4th, A. D. 1896.

SMITH & EMERSON, Attorneys for Mortgagees, Gladstone, Mich.

Feb-18-96

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WATCH

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Mention this paper and we will send you 5 sample copies of the DETROIT JOURNAL, SEMI-WEEKLY, containing full instructions how to get this watch. Act quick.

Address, DETROIT JOURNAL Co., Detroit, Mich.

CLEANING THE HOUSE.

FORM OF ACUTE MANIA WHICH PREVAILS IN SPRING.

The Symptoms and Progress—An Occupation that Breeds Dissension Among All Who Engage in It—Sufferings of Those Who Clean House.

Its Victims Are Many. About the time the blue bird begins to warble its dulcet notes in the forest and the schoolboy feels the first symptoms of his annual attack of spring



AND SOUNDS OF THUNDER PROCLAIM THE CONFLICT WELL BEGUN.

ever, a dreadful malady makes its appearance among housewives. It is talked by experts to be a species of emotional insanity, is believed incurable, always manifests itself by certain definite and well-understood symptoms, and when it has once set in, is bound to run its course in spite of all the remedial measures that the ingenuity of husbands and other interested persons can devise. It is known as the spring cleaning mania, and is probably as old as the first habitation and the earliest married couple. There



EACH FOEMAN DREW HIS BLADE.

is no record in the Scriptures or elsewhere, of Eve turning her family out of doors in order to get the house clean in springtime, but no doubt can be felt that with the first warm days of every season she began to remind Adam that the house was just too filthy to live in any longer, that everything would have to come up, and she dreaded it so for she was certain to get sick as soon as it was over. It is also likely that Cain and Abel, as soon as they saw the preliminary symptoms, the scrubbing brushes and mops and buckets of whitewash on the back porch, hid their caps under their jackets, if they had any caps or jackets, and absconded directly after breakfast, spending the day on the banks of the nearest pond and returned home after twilight, to be soundly thrashed by the father of all mankind at the suggestion of mankind's mother, and sent to bed without their supper. Some things may be taken for granted, and among them is the fact that women have always been attacked by the spring cleaning mania. Flim mentions the fact that in his day the Roman wives turned their houses upside down for a week or two under pretense of getting things clean, and it is quite probable that the famous picture in the catacombs of Egypt, representing a lot of household furniture in front of an Egyptian residence, is a record to the same effect. Archaeologists have dubbed it "The spoils of war," and have learned, argued that the enemy had taken the household goods out for the purpose of carrying them away, but it is more than likely that some disgusted artist who had been turned out by his wife during her attack, took this method of perpetrating his indignation at the outrage on his domestic comfort and that the picture merely represents a spring-cleaning 4,000 years ago.

The antiquity of the malady is thus beyond doubt, and it is equally certain that the disease now raging among the housewives of this and every other city of the Northern Hemisphere is the same that has afflicted womankind from the earliest ages. It must be noted, as one of its symptoms, that it appears and runs its course epidemically throughout a neighborhood or city, without the slightest reference to the previous condition of the premises. The house may be swept from top to bottom every day in the year so thoroughly that not even one of Pasteur's microscopes could find a speck of dirt, but this fact does not figure whatever, and the suggestion from her lord and servant, made with a deference becoming his subordination in the establishment, that the house does not need cleaning is scouted as coming from one who speaks without the smallest atom of information on the subject. "A man never knows anything about a house anyhow," "Just look at that carpet. Just see that wall," and as he gazes, protesting his inability to see anything out of the usual, his wife enlarges on the inability of a man to realize the

presence of dirt when he sees it. "Besides, Mrs. Smith, across the street, began her cleaning a week ago, and Mrs. Brown, on one side, and Mrs. Jones, on the other, began yesterday, and it would be simply dreadful to let things go on as they are, for the house is worse than a pigsty now." And so the torrent of feminine eloquence flows on and the wise man will not only let it flow, but also get out of its way, for if there is one thing that a woman knows better than anything else, it is that a house always gets shockingly dirty during the winter and always needs to be cleaned in the spring.

She does not clean up from choice. Oh, dear, no. She dreads it worse than

carpenters, whitewashers, plumbers to repair the water pipes, tinners to mend the gutters, all of whom bring their bosses along to do the heavy standing round, and tell how much better things were done when they were learning the trade. The mistress of the house is in her glory. It is her occasion. She gets her husband's last year's duster on her back, and his last summer's straw hat on her head, over a good-sized towel to keep her hair clean, and a splash of smut on her nose, and thus arrayed, she marches through the halls with the tread of a conquering hero, and climbs the stairs ten times an hour and gets in everybody's way and tells everybody what to do, and says she feels like her back would break and declares her head is splitting, and knows she is going to have a spliff as soon as this is over. "It's simply awful, but it's got to be done, for if we didn't clean, what would the neighbors think," an argument simply unanswerable. So she scolds her way from cellar to garret, and berates her fate and tells the servants she does not really know what they are good for anyhow. She even works her way into the yard where the spading and planting and sodding and whitewashing are going forward under the auspices of a choice corps of men and brethren, and gives them to understand that what they are doing must be done in a different way from the way they are doing it. The fact that she knows nothing at all about how it ought to be done cuts no figure, and they may feel morally sure that to follow her directions would spoil the job, but they are quite accustomed to this sort of thing, so they show their civility in broad and pleasant smiles, respond with a mechanical "Yessum," and go ahead with the work exactly as they were doing it before, in confident assurance that she will never know the difference.

But, however pleasantly they may smile, their hearts are full of wrath, for house-cleaning is provocative of more rage and profanity than any other occupation on the earth. Every body engaged in it, from the scrub woman who uses so much water that it spoils the ceiling beneath, to the master of the house, who eats his breakfast on a table covered with the fotsam and jetsam of the household furniture and comes home at noon to find that he is compelled to sit in the yard. Every body quarrels with his nearest neighbor, and the idea of the unity and harmony of labor is shivered into fragments by the experience of a spring cleaning. The Congoese who is doing the spading is always ready to pull his razor on the Zulu who is whitewashing

an epileptic does his daily fit. For weeks ahead she will talk about it and its terrors. She remembers that the last time she cleaned house she was in bed for a week and had a pain in her back the rest of the summer. But she knows it must be done, and so she goes ahead and makes a martyr of herself and everybody else, in order that the Lares and Penates may be free from dust. But if any one supposes that the sacrifice is cheerfully made, he is greatly mistaken, for somehow or other, house-cleaning, like chorus singing, or tableaux, or croquet, seems to breed quarrels as it goes forward and to make everybody concerned ill-natured, and he is a wise and fortunate husband who, when he sees the preliminary signs, reconciles his mind to the inevitable and goes fishing, until the mania has spent its force and things about the house have resumed their normal appearance and condition. In that case, he incurs only the reproach of deserting his helpmeet during her period of greatest tribulation, but saves himself for a week from the humiliation of feeling that he is of little less consequence than the scrub woman and a little more in the way than a sore thumb.

Although aware that the preliminary symptoms have appeared, the husband generally learns of the outbreak of the acute stage by looking out of the window one morning as he is dressing and seeing a couple of American citizens of African descent sitting on the front steps. An inquiry as to the purpose of their presence at once arouses the lively interest of his wife, who promptly goes into a state of mind because she told

them to come to-morrow, instead of today, and nothing is ready for them. "But, as they are here, they may as well go to work," and so they do, and breakfast is eaten in trembling haste and with occasional puffs of dust through the door leading into the par-



AMONG HIS LARES AND PENATES.

lor, where the Senegambians are taking up the carpet. The meal over, the husband fumes, and the trouble begins in good earnest. The house is invaded by a motley throng of scrubbers, male and female, carpet-beaters, who tear up the carpets and carry them away in wagon-loads, painters, paper-hangers,

carpenters, whitewashers, plumbers to repair the water pipes, tinners to mend the gutters, all of whom bring their bosses along to do the heavy standing round, and tell how much better things were done when they were learning the trade. The mistress of the house is in her glory. It is her occasion. She gets her husband's last year's duster on her back, and his last summer's straw hat on her head, over a good-sized towel to keep her hair clean, and a splash of smut on her nose, and thus arrayed, she marches through the halls with the tread of a conquering hero, and climbs the stairs ten times an hour and gets in everybody's way and tells everybody what to do, and says she feels like her back would break and declares her head is splitting, and knows she is going to have a spliff as soon as this is over. "It's simply awful, but it's got to be done, for if we didn't clean, what would the neighbors think," an argument simply unanswerable. So she scolds her way from cellar to garret, and berates her fate and tells the servants she does not really know what they are good for anyhow. She even works her way into the yard where the spading and planting and sodding and whitewashing are going forward under the auspices of a choice corps of men and brethren, and gives them to understand that what they are doing must be done in a different way from the way they are doing it. The fact that she knows nothing at all about how it ought to be done cuts no figure, and they may feel morally sure that to follow her directions would spoil the job, but they are quite accustomed to this sort of thing, so they show their civility in broad and pleasant smiles, respond with a mechanical "Yessum," and go ahead with the work exactly as they were doing it before, in confident assurance that she will never know the difference.

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AND CURSES FILL THE AIR.

the side fence, the difficulty commonly arising from the earth being scattered on the newly spread whitewash, this defacement of his job being keenly resented by the knight of the brush. The tinner and the painter invariably fall out, for the latter always wants to work on that side of the house which the former has chiseled for the scene of his labors; the two ladies come in conflict, and much language unfit for publication is shed. Sometimes the shed-



THE MEAT WE SNATCH IS SWEETEST OF ALL.

ding extends also to the paint, for after affairs have reached a climax, and the blackguarding has arrived at a point where the painter has been outdone, he catches up a brush from a pot of red paint and throws it at the tinner. Of course it hits him just under the ear and splatters all over his neck, and, equally of course, he grabs a red-hot iron from his furnace and takes after the painter, who flees while the tinner pursues, giving the impression of a man with his throat cut seeking vengeance on the murderer. "A way they go down the street, and the other house-cleaners rush out, look after them, and three or four blocks away see a crowd with a policeman's helmet bobbing about in the middle of it, and know that the offenders are in the grasp of an ever-vigilant minion of the law. But they do not stay there, for, in all probability, they come back to their work the next morning smoking their pipes in the best of humor, having explained to the sergeant that they were housecleaning, and that official being prepared, from experience, to understand both the provocation and the situation.

The natural enemy of the paper-hanger is the carpenter. No matter where the paper-hanger goes to hang paper, thither also goes the carpenter, for in every room where paper is to be hung, there some singular fatality, there is either a door to be repaired, or a window out of joint, or a washboard that needs to come up, and be put down

again. And the paperhanger always wants the door shut just at the time the carpenter wants it open, or the carpenter always wants to work at the washboard just after the paper man has moved his bench to that side of the room, or the man of rolls and paste desires to paste and spread above the window that the carpenter is just about to take out, so the mistress of the establishment is kept in a constant panic lest one should brain the other, which would be just terrible, you know, besides musing the door.

Side issues are constantly arising. The man who is doing the plastering always walks over the floor that has just been scrubbed, of course he could not walk anywhere else; he would go half a block out of his way to leave the floor of his filthy brooms on that newly cleaned surface, and when he is scolded for his carelessness, he revenges himself by swearing at the man who is putting in a new gas pipe, who, in turn, curses the plumber for laying a water pipe so as to compel an extra turn in the gas conduit. The women who scrub grumble at the cook who does not heat the water hot enough for their use, and so it goes on, the whole house being filled with cursing and bitterness until the calamity is overpast.

The only participants who really enjoy their job are the carpet beaters, this exception arising from the fact that after the carpets are taken up, they must be transported out of the neighborhood to be beaten. Carpet beaters, like detectives, always work in couples, and why one should always be short and stout and the other tall and thin is one of the mysteries of nature and housecleaning. By removing their impedimenta from the immediate vicinity of the engagement, the carpet beaters escape contact with the other combatants and are enabled to beat the carpets into holes. In comparative peace. This is an advantage which they appreciate; that is, if an idea of their appreciation of the job may be gained from the noise they make at it, for a couple of carpet beaters, in good health and with a carpet that can stand the blows, are able to give a very successful imitation of a bombardment. Their trouble comes when the carpets are brought back and the housewife gazes on the fissures that gape along every seam, but the experienced beater is never worried by such a trifle as the feelings of a carpet owner; if he did, he would not be fit for his business, so he listens with patience, sews up the rips as well as he can, and relays the carpet in calm confidence that next spring he will be again called on to beat the same carpet into the same fragments and listen to the same language about it.

It is not of record that the experts on mental disease have as yet given any special attention to the housecleaning mania as a form of insanity, but husbands and other interested persons may hope that in time it may receive some measure of professional notice and that measures may be adopted for its alleviation if it be finally found incurable. Perhaps, when the millennium comes carpets will not need beating and floors will remain forever free from dust, and even if this hope should prove futile, the "House with Many Mansions" will need no repairs and the housewife will cease from troubling about the cleaning and the carpet beater will be at rest.

HAIR OF GREAT LENGTH.

Nearly One Foot Longer than Its Owner Is Tall.

Mrs. D. J. Davis, of San Francisco, Cal., has the longest hair in the world. She is 5 feet 9 inches tall, and her hair is 6 feet 8 inches long. Her sisters also have very long hair.

"I never brush my hair," said Mrs. Davis, as she removed these long, coral pins that held great coils in place about her head so that her hair might be measured, "for the reason that I do not believe it is good for the hair. In fact I have demonstrated my belief to my own satisfaction by experimenting. When a girl I gave very little attention to my hair, and in consequence it did not grow at all. Sometimes I felt very much chagrined to see how much longer and prettier was the hair of all three of my sisters, but I was somewhat careless. When I became a woman I suddenly developed a desire to have long hair like theirs, and began to take the utmost care of what little I had. Every morning, and sometimes twice a day, I brushed it thoroughly, but it did not grow any better. Then I noticed that the brush, after the daily application to the hair, even when the latter had no tendency to fall out, would be filled with very fine hairs, and soon I realized that while the brushing had no effect upon the long hair it effectually killed the new growth, and I decided to stop.

"Since then I have used nothing but a very coarse comb. Every morning I go over the hair thoroughly and carefully, removing every snarl until it is



LONGEST HAIR IN THE WORLD.

as free and flowing as water. Then I braid it and coil it into varied coiffures about my head. I never used cosmetics on my hair."

Not Entirely Lost. If William Waldorf Astor, after discharging his English editor, is to marry an American woman there is still hope for him.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Sniffs (breathlessly)—Phew! I'm all out of wind. Briggs—it seems to me that the wind is all out of you.—Philadelphia North American.

QUEEN OF THE FORTY THIEVES.

Polly Carr's Striking Beauty Won Her Many Victims.

There was recently sent to prison in London for a term of three years the most skillful blackmailer and pickpocket in that great English city. Her name is Polly Carr, and the secret of her great success was the extraordinary beauty of her face and figure. She was known to the police as the "Queen of the Forty Thieves," and for years she conducted her operations so skillfully that she has invariably escaped imprisonment. The charge on which she was recently sentenced was for kidnapping a child.

Polly has associated with bad characters ever since she was 12 years old, when she was first arrested on a charge of theft. She soon became one of the most expert pickpockets in the west end of London. Next she turned her attention to blackmailing, and so successful was she at this calling that her profits never fell much short of \$200 a week. Her favorite scheme was to waylay elderly gentlemen on their way home early in the morning and ask them for the price of cab fare, saying that someone had stolen her pocketbook. Her good looks and innocent expression would soften the heart of the wayfarer, and she rarely failed of a victim. The dupe would ask the pleasure of accompanying her to the cab, which invitation was always accepted. On the way they would pass through some quiet street, and here Polly would turn around and accuse



POLLY CARR.

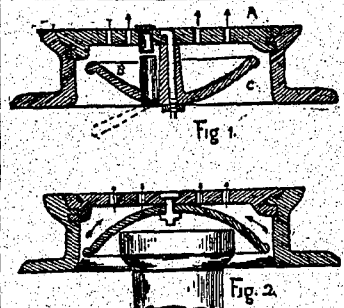
her escort of assault. A couple of her confederates would be in the vicinity to help matters along, and the elderly gentleman, sooner than face the exposure of the police court, would generally come down with a good, round sum.

A VENTILATED MANHOLE.

With a Dust-Pan that May Be Readily and Conveniently Drained.

A perforated man-hole cover, with dustpan attached, is illustrated herewith. This cover is designed to perform the usual services in the way of ventilation.

Its principal claims of novelty are the form of the dust pan, and the provision for draining the same, all as shown in Figure 1. For combination



THE VENTILATED MANHOLE.

lamp-holes or flushing holes and ventilators the form of cover shown by Figure 2 has been devised. In this form, the manufacturers state, sufficient space is provided below the cover for a year's accumulation of dust and dirt.

In at Ten.

The Viennese take their pleasure as regularly as they do their meals; but they do not neglect business, nor keep very late hours. A correspondent of the New York Tribune explains why they are so home early:

"One thing, perhaps, which helps to keep the young Viennese of moderate means and economical mind regular in his evening hours is the fact that he must pay to get into his own rooms after 10 o'clock. Vienna is one vast system of apartment houses, and a house-master is in charge of each one. At 10 o'clock he locks the front door, and any one desiring to get in after that hour must pay him, and the old resident has no more right to a key than the bird of passage. The house-master is no respecter of persons.

Several times we have raced home to outwit him, and once so narrow was our escape that we met him in the hall, key in hand. The chagrined expression on his face made us happy all the way up-stairs.

Live Bookworms.

Mr. Austin, an assistant librarian in the Cornell library, while cataloguing the fine Dante collection presented to the university by Prof. William Fluke, has found some live bookworms in an edition of the "Divine Comedy" bearing the date, 1188. This is the third time only that these insects have been found in an American library. Prof. Comstock, of the entomological department, has succeeded in raising from the insects a number of eggs, worms and beetles for the university museum.

There is as much society during Lent as any other time, but the women will not admit it.

Lots of men who are looking for work wouldn't know what to do with it if they should find it.

PROF. WILLIAM CROOKES.

Man Whose Genius Made Roentgen's Discovery Possible.

Professor William Crookes, whose scientific genius made possible the discovery of the wonderful light of Roentgen, has been widely known for years. Indeed, there are few men who have achieved more brilliant and valuable results in the laboratory than the discoverer of the "tube" which is now so



PROF. WILLIAM CROOKES.

much talked of. Professor Crookes was born in London sixty-four years ago, and in his boyhood became interested in photography. He took a course in the Royal College of Chemistry under Dr. Hoffman, and soon became assistant to his tutor. At 22 he was appointed superintendent of the Radcliffe Observatory at Oxford. In 1859 he founded the Chemical News, and in 1864 became the editor of the Quarterly Journal of Science. Professor Crookes was born with a love for original research. He discovered the new metal thallium while examining the residues from a sulphuric acid works. He was then made a fellow of the Royal Society. In 1872 he developed many interesting matters in his investigations on "repulsion resulting from radiation." In 1877 he invented the spectroscopic vacuum pump. In a paper that year before the Royal Society he said he had succeeded in obtaining a vacuum so nearly approaching perfection that the pressure in it was only 0.4 millionth of an atmosphere. It was found that in such an extreme vacuum gases pass into an ultra-gaseous state, which Professor Crookes described as "radiant matter." It was these vacuums that made possible the incandescent lamp. He has written a small library, every book of which is of value to experimental and commercial science. Professor Crookes' name can never be dissociated from Roentgen's discovery, because his "tube" was its basis. He is, perhaps, the most patient and painstaking experimenter of modern times.

A GREAT HORSEBACK RIDE.

Maj. Barbour to Go from New York to Paris Overland Via Berlin Straits.

Maj. George M. Barbour is about to undertake the longest horseback ride in history. He will ride from New York to Paris, overland, via Berlin Straits. He says he can finish the ride in 1,000 days and have plenty of time to spare.



MAJOR GEORGE M. BARBOUR.

The daring horseman will travel from New York to Chicago, then northward to Vancouver, through the valleys of the coast range until he strikes the head waters of the Yukon River, in Alaska. He will rest awhile at Fort Yukon, then push on to the life-saving station at Prince of Wales, cross the straits, take Indians for guides through Siberia and push west to the frontier settlements. Once in the interior the roads to Moscow will be good and the way to Berlin easy. The czar's government will do all in its power to aid the Major in his big ride. He will carry letters to many of the high officials of Europe and will be otherwise supplied with credentials that will protect him on his journey. The entire distance of 16,000 miles will be covered on one American horse of the broncho type. It is now in Buffalo Bill's show. If the little horse does not succumb it will be given a grand reception in the cities of Europe. Maj. Barbour is a native of New York and is 52 years of age. He has a good war record and is an experienced and hardy frontiersman.

Women Charmed by Ugly Men.

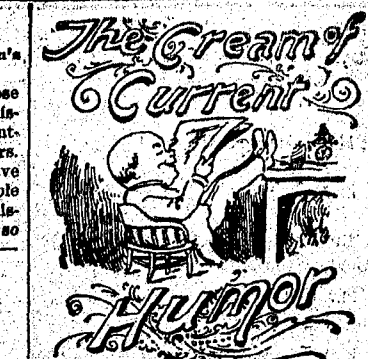
The illustrious men in history who were distinguished as much for the fascination which they exercised over the fair sex as for their talents and ability were, as a rule, plain and insignificant in appearance. Julius Caesar was a very ill-favored man, and yet when a mere stripling, before his fame in Rome girls of his own age sighed for him and mature women longed for his love. Among the men of later times who were renowned in like manner were Sir Philip Sidney, plain almost to ugliness; Paul Scarron, the comic poet, a cripple; Voltaire, unmistakably ugly; and Rousseau, whose manners were as awkward as his face was plain, while John Wilkes, who had the power to subjugate any woman who spoke to him for even five minutes, was admitted by his own showing to be the ugliest man in England in his time.

Natural Question.

A Knight Templar and his family were traveling over the New York Central to attend last summer's convalesce in Boston. The "limited" train was rushing along at the rate of sixty miles an hour, when a five-year-old youngster, who was sitting at the window, was startled by the rush and roar of a passing train, and fell back in his fright. Recovering himself quickly, he looked up in his father's face, and gasped, "Papa, did we swallow it?"

When there is a snow storm the fancy of very young men lightly turns to thoughts of tracking rabbits.

No father is the real old-fashioned kind of a parent unless there is a strap hanging behind his kitchen door.



Since the bicycle era envelops us quite.

All the universe seems to seek "safety" in flight. —Boston Courier.

"Can you cash a check for \$57?" "Oh, yes." "All right; lend me the five." —Life.

He—Miss McCroesus—Imogen—I cannot live without you, She—How did you acquire such extravagant habits? —Truth.

Husband—Strange, but my wife always wants me to remember her birthday, but to forget her age.—Flegende Blatter.

"Do you have any idea how many tons of coal you burn each winter?" "No; I only know how much I pay for." —Chicago Record.

She—I thought you told me your salary was \$25 a week? He—Oh, no; I said I earned \$25, but I get only \$8.—amusing Journal.

A doctor may be able to speak but one language, but he is supposed to have some knowledge of all tongues.—Yonkers Statesman.

Faithful portraits—I think Nell's new photographs must look exactly like her. "Why?" "She hasn't shown them to a living soul." —Chicago Record.

"What is the best sign of spring weather?" "That delightful feeling which makes you want to sit down and watch other people work." —Chicago Record.

"Mr. Badger, when is a woman in the prime of life?" "Well, Mrs. Badger, when she's 35." "And a man?" "Oh, anywhere from 21 to 80." —Chicago Record.

Bryton Early—I thought you were going to save so much money by resigning from the club. Minors Coyne—Well, just look how much I'm not in debt! —Life.

"I believe you're going to fall on me," said the shed to the shot-tower. "Well," said the shot-tower, "it's true I have a leaning that way." —New York Press.

"Papa, what is meant by having horse sense?" "It means knowing enough to 'make hay while the sun shines.' Run now and talk to your grandmother." —Truth.

Franktown—Hot weather is appropriate to the beginning of the baseball season. Homewood—Why? Franktown—It gives appropriate exercise to the "fans." —Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Miss Cayenne is a very bright young woman," he remarked admiringly. "Does she say clever things?" "Better than that. She sees the point when somebody else says them." —Washington Star.

Harry—I cannot offer you wealth, Marie; my brains are all the fortune I possess. Marie—Oh, Harry, if you are as badly off as that, I am afraid papa will never give his consent.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

"She" said the adoring young man, "is an angel." "Oh, of course," said the elderly friend. "I have proof, almost indisputable proof. Even mother thinks she will make me a good wife." —Indianapolis Journal.

"Folks has seef er tendency ter git wrapped up in deir own sorrows," said Uncle Eben, "dat dey gits ter lookin' at de hot wedder ez er pusnal grievance, and don't symp-fize wif nobody." —Washington Star.

Patsy Finnegan—Pa, phat's a statesman? Ald. Finnegan (complacently)—Wal, O dunno that O kin jest deschoib ut, Patsy, but O'm wan. Patsy (disgusted)—Owl! An' is that all it is? —Harper's Weekly.

"What is your idea of an intellectual woman, Mrs. Outakirts?" "Well, she is one who never gets out the hammock and hangs up until after her husband makes all the garden beds she has mapped out." —Chicago Record.

Duzy—What are bells on bicycles for? Duzy—Don't you know? Why, the riders ring them, you know, when wheeling through the streets, so's to let the people know they're going to run them down." —Hoxbury Gazette.

He—What is the sense of putting all that trimming on the back of your hat? Do you suppose any man can see the back of your hat when he meets you? She—No; but every woman will when she passes me.—Indianapolis Journal.

Teacher—James, what makes you late? James—I was pursuing knowledge. Teacher Pursuing knowledge? What do you mean? James—Why, my dog run off with my spelling-book, and I ran after him.—Harper's Round Table.

Hobson—Wilkes, you remember that fifty I loaned you two years ago—Wilkes—You are not going to press a friend for payment, are you? Hobson—Certainly not. Take your time. I only wish to borrow it for a while.—Harlem Life.

Theater manager—Yours is the best minstrel show that we have had here for ten years. Where did you get on to all those new jokes? Interlocutor—One of the old jokes got hold of a file of one of last year's English papers about a year ago.—Somerville Journal.

The Coinage Question. The Washington Star satirizes a somewhat numerous class in the following imagined dialogue:

"Hiram," said Mrs. Cornstassel, "which kind o' money do you favor?"

"Well, Mandy," replied the old gentleman, "ter tell ye the truth, I kinder hate ter express any opinion. I've seen a lot o' fellers sit down an' worry 'bout makin' a ch'ice, an' the fust thing they knew they didn't hev none of neither kind."

There is an awful lot of enthusiasm wasted on dead-horse projects.

CASTLES.

There's a building boom in Nowhere land—
It's the one that comes each year,
When the spring is new
And the skies grow blue
And the south winds whisper cheer,
With fancy as architect we've planned
(His charges are small but fair)
Improvements great
For each vast estate
And our castles in the air.

It's only a minute we need to see
The minarets and towers
In beauty rise
"Nearer our very eyes
And these treasures all are ours.
Your likes may be fickle and strange
And free,
For easily you repair
The wreck that falls
When the old charm fails
In your castles in the air.

When the golden rivers of twilight start
And the scarlet sun sinks low,
It's a journey slight
To that land of light
Where the maybe blossoms blow.
And it's only the friend with the honest heart
Who has followed through ill and fair.
Who can be your guest
As you dream and rest
In your castle in the air.

A DESPERADO'S WHIM.

"When you're talking of bad men that are past and gone, don't put any one ahead of Sam Brown—Long-haired Brown. He was the worst all round one that ever struck the Pacific slope, I believe. If he had any good points except sand and strength, nobody ever found 'em out. Yet I know one good deed he did, after his own queer fashion, and why he did it I never fully settled in my mind. But I suspect he sided with one party to square off a grudge he held against the other. I'll tell you about it, and you may judge for yourself."

It was old Sam Tipton, the proprietor, who was talking. What he doesn't know about the old Nevada days, when Comstock mines were booming, you'd have to travel a long way to find out.
"Sam wasn't exactly a pleasant man to have round, for nobody could tell but it might be killing day with him and it might seem necessary to his contentment to shoot somebody or carve him with his big knife. Then it was his bad luck for the first man that got in his way. Oftentimes he worked up his drop-gut the man that he was laying out to take a drink with him to put him off his guard, and then he'd playfully snub him as they clicked glasses together. He having that sort of disposition you can understand that when he rode up to where I was camping one night I wasn't a bit pleased to see him, though you can bet I didn't let on to him how I felt."

"It was in the early sixties, a few months before Sam was killed by Van Sickle. I was travelling alone by wagon from the Lone Pine district to Virginia City, and had gone into camp toward dusk at a spring known as Ojo Temelato that came out of a wood hill grown up with pines and underbrush. There was an emigrant party already camped near the spring, a well-fixed outfit with two wagons and some good stock. The party I judged to be all one family, taking in the son-in-law and daughter-in-law, and they seemed to be very decent people. I hauled up my wagon at a sheltered place about a hundred yards away from their camp, watered my horses and picketed them out to feed, and set about getting supper. I got my fire going and was cutting some bacon to fry when a big man came riding up among the trees and I saw that it was Sam Brown. He was not only a big man, but also a dangerous-looking one, with a revolver at each hip, and his long hair held up with pins under his hat. He rode up to where I was, looked at me, and asked gruffly:

"Who are you?"
"If most any other man had asked me that question in the way he did, I should have told him to go somewhere, but men answered Sam Brown civilly if they knew who they were talking to. I told him my name and where I was travelling."

"Hm!" he grunted. "I've heard your name and seen you in Bodie. My name is Brown—Sam Brown. I reckon you've heard of me?"

"He looked at me as if he expected I'd fall down when I heard his name. But I didn't, because I knew him, to start with, and because there was no use in doing it."

"Keep right on cutting bacon," he said. "I'm going to take supper with you, and I'm hungry as a wolf."
"Of course I told him he was welcome, and kept on cutting off slices until I was good and sure there was enough for both. He unsaddled and picketed his horse while I got supper ready, and then we sat down on the ground and ate together. Scarcely a word passed between us while we ate, but two cups of strong coffee and a pipe made him a trifle more sociable."

"What outfit is that over there?" he asked.
"I told him as much as I knew of them. He got up and walked over near enough to see them and looked their horses over carefully. Then he came back and sat down and gazed at the fire without speaking. He had the air of a man with a set purpose in mind, and he made no move toward going away. They were having a good time over at the emigrants' camp, and the talk and laughter as it floated over to us was in odd contrast to Brown's grim silence as he sat brooding darkly in the moonlight. Presently somebody over at the other camp twanged a banjo, and then we heard a girl's voice singing a plantation melody, and after that she sang another and another. One of these plantation songs had a jingle to it that seemed to strike Sam's fancy, for he lifted his head to listen, until it was finished."

"Well, that's a rattler!" he growled, as if he were talking to himself. "Reckon I'll go over and make 'em a visit."

"And without another word he got up and stalked over to the other camp, and soon I heard the girl singing the song again.
"The moon would set early, and the

thought struck me that Sam being away, it would be a good idea, while the moonlight lasted, to make a little circuit round the camp just to see if I could get any hint of what Long-haired Brown was up to—for I knew he wasn't riding out on the Lone Pine road for a pleasure ride. As I came near the roadside I saw a man riding down the trail from the direction of Lone Pine, and he was riding slowly and peering through the trees about the spring. He stopped opposite the emigrants' camp, where the fire was blazing brightly, and looked long and carefully at it. I was out of sight behind a tree, and my own camp fire had gone down to ashes, so that it could not be seen from the trail. The horseman was too far away from the emigrants' camp to distinguish people or voices there, but he moved along two or three times to get a better view. Then he turned round and went back up the trail toward Lone Pine.

"Strangely enough, my only thought was that the stranger was a sheriff or vigilante on the hunt for some man that was wanted-looking for Sam Brown perhaps. It did not strike me then, as it would most likely have done at a later time, that he might be the scout of a horse-stealing gang getting the lay of the camp so as to run off the emigrants' stock. I came back to my wagon, thinking over in my mind whether I'd best tell Sam what I had seen. He was still at the emigrants' camp, so I walked over and found him sitting on a keg listening to a girl of fifteen or thereabouts, who was strumming the banjo and singing, and she did it very nicely I must say. I was made welcome by the emigrants, and the gray-haired father of the crowd told me he had come all the way from Iowa in their wagons and were going to California. As the hour was getting late for campers to be awake, I presently got up to go, but Sam kept his seat on the keg.

"Give us the plantation song once more, little girl," he said, and she willingly sang for him. It was only a breakdown, cake-walk tune, with nonsense words; but it was lively and rollicking, and it hit Sam Brown's taste, and the correctness of that was not to be questioned in Nevada in the early sixties."

"The singing finished, we went back to the wagon and lay down on the ground to sleep. I had my partner's blankets alone to lend to Sam, so we were both well fixed for the night. We rolled ourselves up in our blankets a little distance away from each other, each with his weapons by him handy to reach. Of course, we picked a place where we could see the horses, which we had tied by the wagon. I had decided not to tell Sam about the horseman, but to let matters take their course."

"Sam Brown seemed to drop off to sleep as soon as he lay down, but that may have been pretence. I was restless at first and woke two or three times from short naps; and each time I found that he was awake. At last, as everything was quiet, I fell into a sound slumber and slept for hours. I woke with a start at the sound of a shot. The moon was down and it was dark among the trees. There was the sound of voices and a strange rattling about of things over at the emigrants' camp. I looked for Sam and found he was gone."

"I slipped out of my blankets and took a look round my camp to see if everything there was all right. The horses, Sam's and mine, were standing quietly where we had tied them, and nothing had been disturbed. The blanket that Sam Brown had slept in, and his saddle, which served as a pillow, were lying on the ground. It was reasonable to believe that he was not far away. Having found out so much, my next move was to go over to the emigrants' camp to see what the matter was there. I made sure that my revolver was in place and in working order before I started, and then crept to a place where I could see what was going on without being seen myself."

"What I saw there was bad enough. Four men, with craps masks pulled over their faces, were holding up the emigrant party. One of the grown sons sat on a wagon pole, his right hand supporting his left arm, which had been broken by a bullet. A young woman, his wife probably, lay in a dead faint at his feet. The others of the party sat or crouched about, the women moaning and crying, the men holding their hands above their heads. They had been surprised in sleep and were defenceless. Two of the masked men covered the party with revolvers. The other two had searched the wagons and thrown everything in them out upon the ground."

"Of course, my first thought was that Sam Brown was in the job, but I could not see him anywhere about. I was certain that he was not one of the masked men, for his build and bearing couldn't have been mistaken by anyone who had once seen him. I felt that it would not be time for me to take a hand in the business until I found out where he was and how he stood in the matter. The two masked searchers were cutting the lining of clothes and emptying trunks and boxes, tucking everything that struck their fancy into a canvas bag that lay open between them. They had found a jug of whiskey, and by appearances all of the robbers had drunk of it more than once; a bad thing to do while conducting a hold-up. At last they stopped, and one of them said to the man who seemed the leader:

"We've got everything we can find in the wagons and on the men."

"What have you got?"

"Their guns, a lot of jewelry, and fifty dollars in money."

"Is that all? They're not travelling to California with no more money than that. Search the women!"

"That's what the women shrieked, and the old father of the outfit, standing there with his hands held up above his gray head, spoke:

"In heaven's name, spare us that. You have wounded my son and taken all we have. Don't add outrage to that!"

"Shut your mouth and keep it shut!" commanded the leader, brutally. "One word more and we'll kill every man in the outfit. Searchers do your work. We're wasting time."

"With me, looking on, the impulse to turn loose on the robbers at any hazard was almost overmastering. But I knew that with the odds of one against four, and with Sam Brown uncertain, a shot would almost certainly cost not only my life, but also the life of every

one of the emigrants. As I hesitated I saw a little movement in the shadow of a great pine tree behind the two robbers, who were standing, and not two steps away from them. Silent as a shadow, the form of a man blended with the dark tree trunk, and through the darkness I saw the cold gleam of two revolvers that he held, one in each hand. The feature of the man I could not distinguish, but by his huge bulk and the white glint of the eyes, like that of an angered horse, I knew it was Sam Brown. His long hair fell down over his shoulders, and that was a sign, always that he was out for killing. Something the robbers had to say about him was not likely to soothe his feelings."

"The man beside the leader spoke. The whisky had got into his tongue or he would not have said a useless word at such a time as this."

"Number Five wrote me from Bodie that Sam Brown's gang had this outfit spotted and meant to run off their horses on the way. But they slipped off a day earlier than he expected, and he missed 'em. Won't old Brown shake his long hair and flourish round when he hears we've got the booty. Maybe he'll be over to see us?"

"He's a cur, anyway. He went to Bodie because he was afraid he'd get killed if he stayed at Lone Pine. You couldn't drag him there with a rope to-day. Here, Six, don't miss that girl!"

"The girl, the little banjo player shrieked, and her mother screamed still more loudly, as one of the searchers seized her roughly."

"It was right at this point that Sam Brown came in with his little piece of business, and it was all finished in five seconds. The girl's scream was lost in the cracking of two pistol shots that sounded like one loud report. Sam Brown had taken one step forward and fired from each hand. The two masked men covering the emigrants with pistols fell two ways, both dead before they struck the ground. Crack! His right-hand pistol spoke again and one of the searchers, as he started up, sank back and lay still. The man who had started to search the little banjo player turned at the sound and held the child before him as a shield, so that Sam could not fire without hitting the child. He drew his pistol as he did so. In an instant more Sam had closed in upon him, reached above the girl's head and smashed the robber's skull with his heavy revolver. The fellow's pistol exploded, sending the ball into the ground as he dropped down senseless. As he fell the mother sprang forward and drew the shrieking girl away."

"Sam fired a pistol ball into the man's head as coolly as he might have shot a snake on the prairie. Then he turned round to survey his work. Stooping over, he pulled each one of the robbers up from the ground by the hair or collar and tore the mask off and looked at his face. He nodded his head and through the dark I thought I could see the grim smile of satisfaction on his lips."

"I know 'em all," he said, talking to himself as if no one had been round. "It was bound to come, but I didn't think 't would come so soon. Four at a lick! That's high! Reckon I won't have to go to Lone Pine! I'll take a drink now!" He turned to the emigrants, "Where's your whisky? The jug's up!"

"The emigrants were most too demoralized—and no wonder—to attend to anything, but one of the young men found a quart bottle that had been overlooked by the robbers. The stopper was sealed and Sam knocked off the head against the wagon wheel, and drank from the bottle. He took two or three deep gulps."

"That's good," he said. "I'll take the rest of it along with me, and he hid the bottle into the rear pocket of his long-tailed frock coat. I wonder if these fellows have got anything about 'em that I want!" he continued, and went through the pockets of the dead men. He looked their weapons over, but threw them down. "They're not up to mine," he said.

"Then he turned over the canvas bag that the robbers had put their plunder in and picked up the money."

"There's \$50 sure enough," he said. "I'm a little short. Reckon I'll borrow half of it. Call it \$30 for even change. There's the rest!" And he handed the old gray-haired patriarch what was left with an air of great consideration."

"I'd been working back toward my wagon but still could see him and hear what he said at the emigrants' camp. I thought Sam had got through there and would come back, and I'd rather bet I didn't want all that he'd been going on. But nobody could ever tell what Sam Brown would do next at any place or time, except that it would be something cussed. He had one more thing to say to make himself agreeable to the emigrants."

"Won't you sing me that plantation song again?" I heard him ask the banjo player; asked it in that camp after what had just happened, with four dead men lying there, and the girl shrieking in hysterics. Sam gave up his point for once and came over to where I was sitting by my wagon. It isn't as a rule best to say much to a man that's been having a shooting scrap until you find out whether he's got all off the idea of killing. But I saw that Sam was in high good humor."

"Likely you heard some shooting over there," he remarked.

"Yes," I said. "I allowed you might be concerned in it, and thought I had better stay to look after the outfit here. Hope you had good luck. It seems all quiet now over there."

"You bet it's quiet," he said. "I've got some whisky. Have a drink?"

"I drank some whisky out of a tin cup, and he took a long pull from the neck of the bottle."

"Reckon I'll turn now and get some sleep. Picket my horse out to feed, will you, if you waken in the morning before I do."

"I said 'certainly,' and he rolled himself in the blankets and slept as peacefully as a child until high sunrise. The emigrants pulled out in the early morning, by starlight, and at sunrise the buzzards were settling down on the place where they'd camped. When Sam Brown woke he was still in high good humor and I would never have believed he could make himself so agreeable. I had breakfast ready, and while we were eating he talked of what had happened the night before in a matter-of-fact way, but with a little professional pride. After breakfast we rode different ways. I never saw Sam Brown again."—New York Sun.

A GLANCE AT CUBA.

THIS BEAUTIFUL ISLAND RAVAGED BY CIVIL WAR.

Its Sugar Plantations the Chief Source of Wealth—Other Products—Interesting Features of the City of Havana.

Cuba is larger in area and population and richer in natural resources than is generally supposed. It has a total area of 43,319 square miles and a population of one and one-half million souls. The distance from its eastern tip to its western extremity is nearly equal to the distance from New York to Chicago. To a soil of unusual fertility nature has added a climate which is peculiarly favorable to the growth of certain special crops of great value. The country may be broadly divided into the region of plains, the rolling uplands and the forest lands. The lowlands form a practically continuous belt around the island, and in them are to be found the great sugar plantations. Above these, and on the lower slopes of the hills, are found the grazing and farm lands, upon which among other things, is raised the famous Havana tobacco. The balance of the island, especially the eastern portion, is covered with a dense forest growth.

The sugar plantations form the chief source of wealth in Cuba. The cane grows best in the level bottom lands, which are cleared of all shrub and timber growth for this purpose. Some of the plantations are of vast extent, including as many as 10,000 acres, and they stretch away in unbroken monotony on all sides of the bay, which is the name by which the collection of sugar mills, dwellings, stables, etc., in the centre of the plantation is known. Roads or driveways are cut through the cane fields and radiate in all directions, and along these the teams drag the heavily laden carriages to the mills. The Cuban does not place a heavy yoke upon the shoulders of the oxen, as we do, but uses a lighter yoke, which he lashes across the horns of each pair, so that an ox pushes its load with the head. At the mill the cane is unloaded on to an endless belt, which carries it into the crushers.

The crushed cane, which is known as bagasse, is used for fuel, and the extracted juice is conveyed to large vats, where it is boiled. At a certain stage of the boiling it is transferred to pans, where it crystallizes to a brown sugar, which is then placed in long cylindrical moulds where the molasses is allowed to run off. The sugar is now of a light yellow color, and to further cleanse it, it is placed in centrifugal separators, where the molasses that still remains is removed, and the sugar, which is now fairly white in appearance, is ready for export. The average production is about 2,000 pounds to one acre. In former days, when the work was done by slaves, they were housed in quarters known as the barraco, which were located within the inclosure of the battery. Although in some parts of the island the laborers occupy the old slave quarters, it is now a common thing for the laborers to live in boarding houses, scattered in the neighborhood of the plantations. They are very primitive dwellings, and consist of a square frame of posts, upon which is nailed a layer of boards, the interspaces being plastered up with adobe clay. The roofs are thatched with palm leaf, the wood of this tree, which grows in great abundance, being used for the posts and frame of the house.

The celebrated Havana tobacco is grown on the western end of the island and the choicest quality is raised a little to the west of Havana, chiefly on the banks of the San Sebastian. It is known as the "vuelta abajo" tobacco, and nearly the whole of it finds its way to the royal courts of Europe, whose agents have for a long time past been in the habit of buying the whole crop many years in advance. Genuine vuelta abajo cigars will cost \$1.25 a piece.

Although there is a certain monotony about the appearance of the lowlands, there is no lack of beauty in the rolling uplands of the interior. The grasses are rich, and cattle raising forms one of the staple industries of the country. Coffee is raised in considerable quantities, and the land produces annually two crops of Indian corn, which is the chief cereal of Cuba. The principal fruits are oranges, pineapples, plantains, bananas and melons. The general agricultural industry, however, whether it takes the form of fruit or general farming, is in an undeveloped condition.

The forests of Cuba form one of its most striking natural features. They are estimated to cover fully two-thirds of the total un reclaimed land, or some 12,000,000 acres in all; and they are so dense as to be almost impenetrable. They are made up largely of hard woods, such as mahogany and the Cuban ebony, and a certain amount is cut down for export. The most valuable growth in the Cuban forests is the palm of which the most common species, the Palma real, is found throughout the whole island, but more particularly in the western half.

The cities of Cuba are fully as picturesque in their way as the surrounding country. By far the most important of these is Havana, which is the capital and the chief seat of the island. It is admirably situated, both for military and commercial purposes, on the shores of a land-locked harbor, the entrance to which is narrow and tortuous and defended by two forts, known as the Moro and the Punta Castles. The most celebrated of these is Moro castle, which is situated on the northeastern side of the entrance. It is in the courtyard of this fortress that death for a Cuban patriot has suffered many for his country.

The harbor is one of the finest in the world, and could float a thousand ships of the largest size. Unfortunately, it is belted contaminated by the discharge into it of the whole of the sewage of Havana, and as there is not sufficient scour of the tide to carry it out to sea, the filth is constantly accumulating. The result will certainly be disastrous to the city, unless some system of direct drainage to the sea be carried out. Immediately upon landing the visitor is impressed by the strange novelty of the city and its inhabitants. There is a romantic air of mediocrity about the older quarters of the city; he is at times conscious of having taken a step backward in the march of civilization, and the romantic impression is

deepened by the soft, dreamy atmosphere of the tropics and the sweet odor of tropical vegetation. At the same time the more modern portion of the city is well built, and presents a dignified and harmonious appearance. The Spanish influence is everywhere apparent, and a modified classic architecture prevails. The houses are built chiefly of stone and then plastered, the latter work being of a good finish and durable quality. The business people live over their own stores, the two upper stories being used for domestic purposes. The entrance to the better class of homes is often freely decorated with Moorish colored tiles, and stenciling is employed with good effect upon the outside walls.

In the older quarters the streets are narrow and very tortuous and the houses only one story in height. There are no sidewalks to speak of, and as the great heat necessitates the windows being kept continually open, they are protected by prison-like iron gratings. The interior of a Cuban home, even among the better class, is very simple in its appointments. The excessive heat and the prevalence of insects necessitates the use of as little furniture as possible, and no hangings or dainties are to be seen.

The street scenes are novel and often ludicrous, as when, for instance, the milk-seller drives the cow and calf (the latter muzzled up to the door and milks the amount of his purchase in the presence of the customer and literally at his doorstep. The favorite luxury is "barquillo," a thin cake made of flour spiced with cinnamon. The barquillo vender goes through the streets beating a quick-step march on a musical triangle. Travel is mainly carried on in "volantes," which are hired at the rate of 20 cents for the trip. Whether the trip be for two or three blocks or the whole length of the city, the price is the same. The various promenades, drives and gardens are exceedingly fine, and no visitors should miss seeing the botanical gardens and palm tree avenues of Los Molinos.

It is difficult to get an exact estimate of the population or the relative proportion of its different elements. It is broadly divided into the Insulars or native Cubans of Spanish descent, the Peninsulars or imported Spanish element, which is made up mainly of office holders, merchants and speculators, who do not and never intend to make Cuba their permanent home, and lastly the mixed races, such as the mulatto, negro and Chinese. It is roughly estimated that there are 1,000,000 residents of Spanish extraction, 500,000 colored people and 50,000 Chinese coolies.

WEIRD FAMILY LEGEND.

The Goldsmids Said to Have Been Strangely Shadowed.

Mr. H. W. Lucy, in his article "From Behind the Speaker's Chair," in the Strand Magazine, tells a creepy story in connection with the Goldsmid family. For more than a hundred years, it was said, a fatal spell hung over the Goldsmids. Toward the close of the eighteenth century there died in London the Rabbi de Falk, who enjoyed great reputation as a seer. He left to Aaron Goldsmid, great-grandfather of the late member for St. Pancras, a sealed packet, with injunctions that it was to be carefully preserved but never opened. The old Dutch merchant who founded the branch of the Goldsmid family in this country was warned that as long as this order was obeyed, so long would the Goldsmids flourish like a young bay tree. If were disregarded, ill-fortune would for all time dog the footsteps of the race. Aaron Goldsmid kept the packet inviolate for some years. One day, curiosity becoming ungovernable, he opened it. When his servant came to call him he was found dead.

Aaron Goldsmid left a large portion of his fortune to two sons, Benjamin and Abraham. These went into business on the London Stock exchange, and vastly increased their patrimony. Benjamin founded a Naval college, and performed many acts of less known generosity. He lived long, but the curse of the cabalist overtook him. Enormously rich, the delusion that he would die a pauper fastened upon him, and to avoid such conclusion of the matter, he, on April 15, 1808, being in his fifty-fifth year, died by his own hand. Two years later his brother, Abraham, being concerned in a ministerial loan of fourteen millions, lost his nerve, blundered and bungled, sank into a condition of hopeless despondency, and on September 28, 1810, a day on which a sum of half a million was due from him, he was found dead in his room.

The fortunes of the family were restored by Isaac Goldsmid, nephew of the hapless brothers and grandson of the founder of the English house. Like all the Goldsmids, Isaac was a man of generous nature and philanthropic tendencies. With him it seemed that the curse of the cabalist had run its course. It is true that before he died he lapsed into a state of childlike stupidity. But he had at the time passed the limit of age of fourscore years, after which, as one of the kings of his race wrote centuries back, man's days are but labor and sorrow. Isaac Goldsmid succeeded in his fortune and his benevolence by his son Francis, on whom the curse of the cabalist seemed to fall when he was fatally mangled between the engines and the rails at Waterloo station.

The General in His Own Country.

Sir Evelyn Wood, V. C., tells this story. An entertainment was given in his honor at his Norfolk home on his return from Egypt. Among the crowd assembled on the occasion was the wife of an agricultural laborer. She was very eager to see Sir Evelyn Wood, and a bystander pointed him out to her. "What!" she exclaimed in amazement, "that little man General Wood! Why my awd man could cud thrash him easily." "Never," said Sir Evelyn as he concluded his story, "had I felt more humiliated in my life."

When Death is Certain.

A miser died very suddenly. The doctor who was called in to certify his death appeared to have his doubts about the case.

"Place a silver dollar in his hand," said the old housekeeper of the deceased, "and if he does not grasp it, you may safely make out the order for his burial."—Buffalo Times.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Superintendent of Police Instruction Massey, of Virginia, decides that women cannot, in that State, hold even such an office as school trustee. The constitution provides that only voters shall be eligible to office.

The inventors of Remington, Ind., have invented a glass coffin. They expect to make a fortune out of the idea, as they say there is a yearning desire for glass coffins all over the country, which thus far has had to go unsatisfied.

The Chicago Times-Herald finds that of forty-four Governors twenty-nine are professing Christians. Of these ten are Presbyterians, five Congregationalists, five Episcopians, four Methodists, three Unitarians, one Baptist, and one Christian.

A German arithmetician has calculated that if the 1,490,000,000 inhabitants of this globe were all enclosed in one space just large enough to hold them, a good bicyclist could make the circuit of them in less than four hours. The Isle of Man would be large enough to hold them all.

A writer in the Popular Science Monthly finds in teaching deaf pupils to understand by watching the lips of a speaker that the forty-odd sounds in the English language are comprehended in only sixteen visible facial forms. Proficients feel that they hear instead of see the words spoken.

Two children were found drifting about alone on the schooner Robin Hood in mid-Atlantic. Their father had started out with them from Newfoundland for Lisbon, but had died eight days before another vessel fell in with the Robin Hood. A sailor was put on board, who brought schooner and children into Cadiz.

The International Statistical Institute held at Berne, Switzerland, last summer took steps to investigate the desirability of all the civilized countries of the world taking a "synchronic" census in 1900, that is, on the same date. A census of this kind, carried out according to a constant system, would bring more accurate results than have ever before been attained.

The number of applications for patents in England has decreased within the past five years. In 1893 there were 25,286 applications, in 1894 there were 25,116, and last year there were 25,067. When the present Patent Act came into force, with its reduction of fees, there was a sudden leap from 5993 applications in 1883 to 17,110 in 1884. Then, in 1885, there was a slight reduction of 100, but after that there was a steady increase up to 1894.

Farmers in the region about Fresno, Cal., are almost in despair because of the plague of rabbits. Although many thousands of the animals have been killed lately in one way or another, by poison, by shooting, and in rabbit drives, they do not appear to decrease in numbers. Thousands have been shot in a day, but they come in from the surrounding uncultivated regions to feast on the grain fields in increasing numbers. It is estimated that three jack rabbits will eat as much grain as one sheep. A big drive was held in February and many thousands of rabbits were killed, but a month later it was estimated there were 100,000 on the same ground. Another drive was held the last of March, but already the rabbits are swarming in again.

It is not generally known that each year the United States contributes \$1000 to the support and maintenance of an international bureau of weights and measures which is located near Paris, France. Seventeen nations are contributors to this bureau, which keeps a record supplied with accurate metric standards. The metric system is obligatory in France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Spain, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Portugal, Norway, Peru, Serbia, Venezuela, and Sweden. It is permissive in the United States, Great Britain and Turkey. The fact that the majority of the nations use the metric system is a hardship on American and British producers, for some of the metric countries are not willing to enter into contracts with them because of the inaccuracies which come by the transference of figures from one system to the other.

Official figures given out from Spanish sources show the direct cost to Spain of the military operations in Cuba during the first year of the insurrection to have been about fifty million dollars. There are now one hundred and thirty thousand Spanish troops on the island, and the maintenance of this increased force will entail an expenditure of from seventy-five to one hundred million dollars for the current year. To this direct cost must be added the loss of revenue. Last year the receipts from customs were about eight million dollars below the average. Forty towns have been wholly destroyed and as many more partially so; and the loss to individuals from the burning of sugar plantations and to the government in the revenue ordinarily derived from sugar is very heavy. The Spanish lost about four thousand men in the first year's operations, but more than three-fourths of this mortality was caused by yellow fever.

As has been announced, the exposition of Nashville to commemorate the centennial anniversary of the admission of Tennessee as a State will not be opened until May 1, 1897. But suitable ceremonies will be observed on the anniversary, which is June 1 next. Tennessee was the sixteenth State. It was a part of the territory of North Carolina, ceded by that State to Congress in 1792, and several attempts had been made to form it into a State under the name of Franklin and of Frankland.

In January, 1790, a constitutional convention assembled at Knoxville, formed a constitution, and appealed for admission into the Union under the name of the State of Tennessee. The region had long been known as the "Tennessee country," but it is the tradition that Andrew Jackson, who was a member of the convention, suggested this name for the State. John Sevier was chosen the first Governor, and Andrew Jackson was elected the first member of Congress. Congress, then in session in Philadelphia, was under the control of the Federalists, and Tennessee was well-known to be Jeffersonian and Republican, but after a bitter contest the bill for the admission of the State passed both houses.

The Springfield Republican, in an editorial on agricultural colleges, says: "The Michigan Agricultural College is

also under fire for failing to send back the main body of its students to the farms. The friends of the college have prepared an answer which they consider a strong one, but which still admits the truthfulness of the main charge. It appears that of the 676 graduates who have been sent out since the organization of the institute in 1837 only 150 assumed the occupation of farming. But the 84 who became teachers and workers in agricultural colleges and experiment stations, the 26 who became civil and mining engineers, and 50 others who became machinists, chemists in foods and fertilizers, etc., are held to have adopted pursuits in keeping with the objects of the college—making 48 per cent of all graduates who could be so classified. On the other hand, over one-half took up occupations which were foreign to the main purpose of the college—85 teachers in non-agricultural schools, 74 lawyers, 97 merchants, clerks, etc., 30 physicians, 12 druggists, 11 editors, 11 bankers, 5 ministers, 2 artists, and so on. Of 925 non-graduates heard from only 161 took up farming, while the large body of the rest went into such occupations as have just been enumerated. There would certainly seem to be ground for asserting that the agricultural college tends to educate its students away from rather than toward the farms.

Registering Sunshine.

The heliograph, although not of recent invention, is now coming more generally into use since the importance of registering the number of hours of daily sunshine becomes more popularly appreciated. A recent publication of Professor Kresser estimates the number of heliographs now in use at about fifty in Great Britain, thirty in Germany, twenty-five in France, eighteen in Austria, sixteen in Italy and twelve in Switzerland. The apparatus is automatic. Sunshine registers, itself through lenses, for as soon as the sun comes out of the clouds sufficiently it will burn a paper underneath the lens, leaving a black mark thereon. Since the hours of the day are marked on paper it will be apparent with approximate exactness how many hours each day the sun really shows.

The results are very surprising indeed. For instance, the daily average of sunshine for several years amounted in Scotland to 2 hours; Ireland 3.2 hours; England, 4 hours; Germany, 4.2 hours; France, 5 hours; Switzerland, 5.4 hours; Austria, 6 hours, and Spain, 7.2 hours. It is shown that there is more sunshine in the south than there is in the north, and also more in the east of Europe than in the west. Near mountains the frequency of fogs lessens the hours of sunshine. Thus the observatory on Ben Nevis shows less than 1.2 hours, almost an hour less than elsewhere in Scotland. The formation of smog in great cities and manufacturing centres also lessens the hours of sunshine. The interior of London shows but 2.12 hours in Greenwich, and 4 to 4.2 hours elsewhere in southern England.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Favorite Hymns in England.

A writer in the Philadelphia Methodist gives some interesting facts concerning the hymns most popular in England to-day. He says: